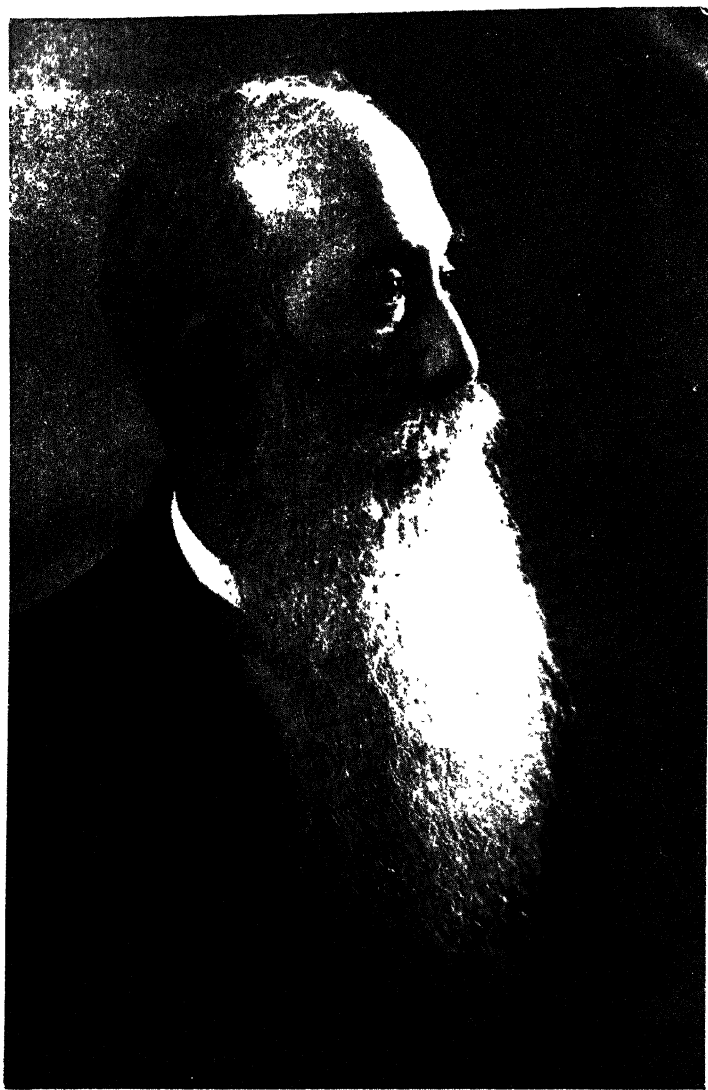

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GOLDEN GOA!

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BY

JOSEPH FURTADO

AUTHOR OF "A GOAN FIDDLER,"
"PRIMEIROS VERSOS," ETC.

1938

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PREFACE

The following story tells of some of the more interesting and many of the more painful doings at Goa in her so-called palmy days under Portuguese rule, and of certain noted, noteworthy or notorious people who lived in that wicked city (misnamed *Golden Goa*), particularly a high-minded young fidalgo and a beautiful Hindu girl whom he loved.

The account is based chiefly on the manuscript diary of the hero's uncle, a Spanish Dominican, who had been chaplain to the viceroys from 1538 to 1548. Besides giving the main facts of the lives of the hero and the heroine and numerous anecdotes about Saint Xavier and the poet Camoens, the diary records every event of political or ecclesiastical importance in the Portuguese Indies during the twenty-six years ending 1563. On the suppression of the Religious Orders in 1835, the manuscript was brought away by one Padre Mariano de San José, who had been an inmate of the Convent of Saint Francis d'Assisi and who died in 1868 (*vide* the Review *O Oriente Portuguez* for July 1917). The diary is now in the possession of the family of Padre Mariano's nephew, the late Dr. Mariano José Correa-Lobo, from Reis-Magos.

When the contents of this historical treasure were revealed to me by the good doctor at the time he was medical officer of my native village, it had struck me that some day I ought to do fully in prose what I had already done partly in verse and make the dead city of Goa live again. Yet, had not unforeseen circumstances forced me, I might have shrunk from the task: indeed I felt I was unequal to it, never in my life having tried my hand at any other than poetical composition. Should the reader of my *Lays of Old Goa* think that the present attempt has not been quite as successful as the *Lays* (which the *Times Literary Supplement* had pronounced to be "remarkable"), I would beg to remind him that, to a poet writing, as I have written, in a foreign language, prose comes with even greater difficulty than verse.

September 1938

J. F.

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GOLDEN GOA!

CHAPTER I RUA DIREITA

During the period covered by the following story perhaps no other city in the world could have presented street-scenes so picturesque, interesting, fantastic, or frightful as were to be witnessed daily in the Rua Direita (Straight Road) of the capital of the then newly-founded Portuguese Empire overseas, celebrated in her so-called palmy days as *Goa Dourada* or *Golden Goa*.^{*} On the particular morning in September, 1545, when the story opens, this road had an appearance more striking than usual, while the whole city was full of bustle and animation, as that week the yearly galleons from Lisbon, with slaves from Mozambique and horses from Persia and Arabia, had arrived in the port, an event that used to be always eagerly awaited by the new settlers. This time, moreover, the vessels had brought out a new viceroy—the great Dom João de Castro, who was to become known in history as the *Last Hero of Portugal*.

The Rua Direita was the main thoroughfare and extended from the river on which Goa is situated to the heart of the city, where it joined the Rua de

^{*} Goa is the name of a city as well as of the country around it.

San Paulo, the second most important road. At its river end frowned the old Moorish fort; at the city end soared the stately Church of Our Lady of the Serra; and midway rose the three-storeyed Palace of the Viceroys, later on the Inquisition House and the scene of many a silent tragedy. The intervening spaces were lined with the principal public and commercial buildings, including those occupied by the rich money-changers. Money-changers indeed were to be seen at every cross road throughout the city, much counterfeit coin being in circulation and the business being most profitable. The horse and the slave markets also were on this road and close together.

But the chief centre of interest in the Rua Direita—rather in the whole city—was the house where public offices were sold to the highest bidder. This scandalous policy, though not sanctioned officially until 1614, was introduced by Dom Garcia de Noronha, Albuquerque's nephew and Viceroy of Goa from 1538 to 1540, ostensibly as a means for replenishing the state coffers but really for enriching himself. Thanks, however, to the corruption among all classes of public servants, the state coffers always remained empty. Dom Garcia used to sell judicial verdicts also—indeed everything that was salable—and pocket the salaries of government employees, who were expected to live on bribes. When Saint Francis Xavier landed in Goa (1542), official morality had sunk so low that it aroused his wrath and made him write in these scathing terms to a brother Jesuit in Portugal: "Do not allow

any of your friends to be sent out to India with the charge of looking after the finances of the King. To such persons we may most truly apply which is written, 'Let them be blotted out of the book of the living, and let their names be not written among the just.' Robbery is so public and common that it hurts no one's character and is hardly counted a fault.... Everywhere and at all times, it is rapine, hoarding, and robbery. No one thinks of making restitution of what he has once taken. The devices by which men steal, the various pretexts under which it is done, who can count? I never cease wondering at the number of new inflections, which, in addition to all the usual forms, have been added in this new lingo of avarice to the conjugation of that ill-omened verb 'to rob.'"

With the capture of Goa, Diu, and Bassein their power in India having been pretty firmly established, the Portuguese had nothing to do but to parade the streets on horseback or in palanquins, escorted by armed slaves and accompanied by trains of lacqueys. Even the poorest of them swaggered about with a conqueror's airs and had umbrellas held over their heads by hired negroes. They all thought it degrading to follow any occupation excepting that of arms, but liked marketing and driving bargains.

With gaily-dressed palanquins and richly-caparisoned steeds moving among innumerable slaves and lacqueys in fanciful liveries, the Rua Direita had the appearance of a carnival scene. No sooner a new palanquin or rider turned up than the same

was surrounded by the slave-girls selling comfits, pickles, and sweets. The Portuguese were incredibly fond of sweets, which they carried about with them in their pockets and offered to one another just as we do cigarettes or snuff now.

"A kiss for every packet I buy—mind that, Dona Katarina," says a cadaverous-looking old fidalgo, halting his palanquin and taking five packets of comfits from a pretty slave-girl of the country, who is dressed in silk, as are most of the other slave-girls, and every one of the Portuguese masters without exception.

"Senhôr *Capitão* always gracioso," * says the girl blushing, happy to be addressed as Dona Katarina, being otherwise known as Kotrin, a corruption adopted as more suitable to her menial rank.

"Am I then too old to be gracioso, Dona Katarina?" sighs the *Capitão*, who is one of the most shameless debauchees in town.

"God have mercy! who ever saying so?" Kotrin protests, crossing herself. "Senhôr *Capitão* looking younger and younger every day, I always saying to everybody—don't I, Tia Tereza?"

Tia Tereza, a gigantic old negress, moving about like a lame hippopotamus and, according to gossip, an old flame of the *Capitão*'s, had been watching the pair with ill-concealed mortification.

"You always flattering fidalgos and despising poor people, though only a contemptible

* Humorous.

Kanarim* yourself," she growls, pushing Kotrin aside; then to the old man she says, "Will *Senhôr Capitão* not buy something from poor Tereza? This pickle my missis prepare with her own lovely hands: expriment, *senhôr*."

"Not this time" answers the *Capitão* somewhat gruffly, stepping out from the palanquin and advancing on foot towards the horse market, under an umbrella fringed with silver buttons and held by a Caffre. Several other Caffres, carrying the veteran's sword, his prayer book, fan, etc., form a sort of bodyguard, while two grooms and a Rosinante with worn-out trappings bring up the rear.

In front of the horse market a large crowd has gathered round some gentlemen on horseback, two of them being the new Viceroy's sons, Dom Alvaro and Dom Fernando. At sight of the *Capitão*, "Here he comes!" "Viva *Capitão*!" shout several voices from the crowd. "Tell us the glorious story," "Let Their Excellencies hear it," demand others.

"Many thanks, *illustrissimos*," cries the *Capitão*; then, "God save Your Excellencies!" he says, turning to the Viceroy's sons and bowing so low as would have put an oriental to shame.

"We are very glad to make your acquaintance, *Capitão* Mendes," says Dom Alvaro.

"Indeed it is quite an honour to us to know the sole survivor of the great Dom Affonso de Albuquerque's veterans," adds Dom Fernando.

Literally an inhabitant of Kanara (the territory in which Goa is situated) but contemptuously applied to Goans by the Portuguese.

“Your Excellencies are very kind—and worthy sons of a worthy father. Viva Dom João de Castro!” cries the *Capitão*, again making a deep bow. “Though I was no more than a common soldier and my father no more than a poor fisherman on the Tagus, everyone calls me *Capitão*. The voice of the people is the voice of God, say I; and truly a common soldier of Dom Affonso de Albuquerque’s time, as Your Excellencies must know, was as good as a captain of this degenerate generation. Viva Dom Affonso de Albuquerque! A handful of us routed 4 000 Moors on that glorious day. The enemy had placed their artillery on yonder hill, where now stands the Church of Our Lady of the Mount, and balls fell upon us like hail stones; but on we went fearlessly—a gallant band—with loud cries in honour of Santa Catharina, whose feast-day it was, the twenty-fifth of November in the year of Our Lord Jesus Christ one thousand five hundred and ten. Viva Santa Catharina! As we entered the city, the great conqueror embraced his captains one after another, and then he embraced me—yes me, the poor fisherman’s son. And well might he, for I was one of the first to scale the ramparts and was covered all over with blood. God alone knows how many of the enemy I cut down that glorious day. Viva the glorious day! For three days we sacked the city, and every soldier became as rich as a rajah.

“Many of the soldiers desiring to marry and settle in the country, Moorish women of the principal families were baptized and given to them as

wives. One evening several scores were thus married; but in the merriment that followed the brides got mixed up and next morning no man could identify his partner. Here was a problem for the conqueror of kingdoms! But he solved it—such was his genius—he solved it to everyone's satisfaction, and everyone kept the woman that was by his side, at which we need not wonder, for they were all equally lovely! A friend of mine, who, like me, was a fisherman's son, got a Moorish general's daughter! Alas, vice and vanity wrecked every one of them excepting this humble servant of yours, the sole survivor of the gallant band! 'Viva *Capitão* Mendes!' well might I expect you to exclaim, illustrious gentlemen, were it possible for me to be vain, forgetting the fate of my comrades"

"Oh! oh!" deride some of the bystanders, for the *Capitão*, if notorious for any one thing more than for another, it is for his vanity, which is such that he spent his whole fortune in bribing Viceroy Garcia de Noronha to get him the title of fidalgo, and now gives himself no end of airs.

"Another problem arose when the citadel was rebuilt," proceeds the *Capitão*, "and Dom Affonso, to commemorate the conquest, wanted to put up a stone slab inscribing thereon the names of his captains. Each captain insisted on having his own name first. Yes, no, yes, no—what a row there was! till the great captain in great anger took his good sword and cut the Gordian knot—

'Lapidem quem reprobaverunt edificantes.'

They are the only Latin words I am able to

pronounce—and tremendous mouthfuls they are too!—and they mean (so I am told)—

‘The stone which the builders condemned.’

If I lie, go and see the stone for yourselves, illustrious gentlemen.

“Yes, they were a turbulent lot, in all conscience—the officers in my time—and kicked up rows over trifles. Once they were going to mutiny because Dom Affonso happened to kiss Pero Mascarenhas for having led a successful attack on the Benastarim fortress, but better counsels prevailed and they did no more than sneer among themselves at Dom Affonso, saying that as he kissed Pero Mascarenhas on the cheek for so small a thing he was likely to kiss them on the buttocks when they came to do great things. The great captain minded not words but deeds. Viva Dom Affonso de Albuquerque, the greatest man the world has ever known! Viva Dom João de Castro! Viva Dom Alvaro de Castro! Viva Dom Fernando de Castro!”

“Viva *Capitão* Mendes!” shouts someone from the crowd.

“Aye, viva *Capitão* Mendes!” chimes in the *Capitão*, in a subdued tone.

But there is no response to this, for the crowd has not relished being called a degenerate generation by one who is looked upon by them as a big humbug and of whom it is jealous now because so much attention has been paid him by the Viceroy’s sons.

By this time the morning is far advanced, and yet neither the horse market nor the slave market has been thrown open, and the rabble in their impatience

are trying to make mischief, when cries of "Babasinho! * Babasinho! Babasinho!" are heard, as a handsome young horseman comes trotting along the Rua Direita.

"Looks more like a *baisinha*," † remarks a young *fidalgo*, not without justification, for the horseman's features are distinctly of a feminine cast.

"Looks?—*is* a *baisinha*, and a pretty one too," remarks another *fidalgo*, loud enough for Babasinho to hear.

And Babasinho does hear, and, dismounting, begins to lay about him furiously with his whip, hitting masters and slaves without discrimination, till he is caught fast in the embraces of his friends. And his friends are not a few, Babasinho being a general favourite with the younger *fidalgos* just as his uncle Frei Jacinto is with the older ones, indeed with all classes of the citizens.

"I'm not a boy, permit me to tell Your Excellency, or send me out on an expedition and I'll prove it," cries Babasinho, facing a distinguished-looking personage who had been repeating, "Poor boy! poor boy!" while Babasinho was struggling to disengage himself from his friends' embraces, and who is no less than the *vedor de fazenda* or the official in charge of the treasury, arsenal, and docks, and next in importance to the viceroy.

"You think I can be teased with impunity—because I am fatherless?" continues Babasinho, tears

* Babasinho is the diminutive of *Baba*, an Indo-Portuguese word meaning baby boy, but applied to a grown-up boy as a term of endearment or respect.

† *Baisinha* is the feminine of Babasinho.

rising to his eyes. "You forget I am the descendant of a hero knighted on the field of Ourique; * and there is not one such among you, you upstarts!"

"Give me your hand, Dom Rodrigo," says Dom Alvaro, approaching Babasinho with a smile; "your words are worthy of your heroic ancestry. Whenever I happen to be sent out on an expedition *you* shall accompany me, Dom Rodrigo. And that may be sooner than you expect, for war clouds are gathering over Diu and our garrison there is none too strong."

"And won't I also be proud to have such a gallant comrade!" Dom Fernando hastens to say, taking Babasinho's hand.

"Dom Jayme, Dom Jayme," cries Babasinho, going up to an elderly gentleman who has just arrived on the scene, "Dom Alvaro promises to take me with him to Diu."

"All right, my boy," answers Dom Jayme, who is quite indifferent to Babasinho's future and tolerates the boy as his wife's page solely on account of Frei Jacinto, his family confessor.

"I'm not a boy, Dom Jayme, I'm a man."

"All right, my man," rejoins Dom Jayme smiling, and bowing to the company as he enters the horse market, which opens its gates at his approach.

For centuries before the coming of Vasco da Gama Goa had carried on a trade in horses; and to the new comers themselves the trade proved their chief source

* In the battle of Ourique, fought in 1139, the Moors were utterly defeated by the Portuguese under Dom Affonso Henriques, the first King of Portugal, who celebrated the event by knighting on the battlefield every one of his officers.

of revenue and a great source of political power. Albuquerque, who was as great a statesman as soldier, had considered it "better than any gold mine," and in 1514 had, on other than commercial grounds, declined an offer of £20,000 a year from the King of Vijayanagar for a monopoly of all imported horses. Indian princes in those days being quite obsessed with the idea that cavalry was everything in warfare, he was quick to realize that the State that controlled the horse supply would be able to control also the political situation in the country, and made Goa the exclusive port in India for the importation of horses, fixing the duty at seventeen pounds per head. The animals came from Persia and Arabia and were shipped to Goa from Ormuz, an island at the mouth of the Persian Gulf; and as the Portuguese held both these places and ruled the seas between them the trade was entirely in their hands.

Horse-riding was the favourite pastime of the gentry in that age all the world over, and the horse and its trappings their chief preoccupation—at least in India, if not in other countries. No present from the Portuguese was so valued by the Indian princes as a fine Arab. At Goa no *fidalgo* (and at Goa what son of Portugal was not a *fidalgo*, pray?) would be without a horse, not necessarily so much for use as for show. When a *fidalgo* went about in a palanquin, the horse, with a gold-fringed red velvet cloth over it, duly followed behind in the charge of two grooms—one with a broom of horse-tail switches to drive away flies and the other with

a towel to wipe off the sweat. If he rode out, the palanquin invariably accompanied his fidalgoship. "What shall it profit a fidalgo if he gain a great many treasures and lose the chance of showing them to the world?" well might Saint Francis Xavier have taken that as the text for one of his sermons at Goa.

Dom Jayme's influence in the horse and slave markets was unlimited. No fidalgo or state functionary bought a horse or a female slave but through him. Doing otherwise, before many days he would find his horse limping or his slave disfigured. This influence Dom Jayme derived from a battalion of stalwart Caffres he owned, just as his wealth he derived chiefly from the three fat sinecures he enjoyed. Everybody in this city of malefactors feared and hated Dom Jayme, the arch-malefactor. So we can easily understand why the markets did not begin business in his absence. He had been detained by the sudden indisposition of his favourite concubine (Inez), who was in child-bed and on whose account Babasinho had gone to call Frei Jacinto for administering extreme unction to her.

An excellent judge of horse flesh as he was, in less than an hour Dom Jayme selected the eight horses wanted by the Viceroy's sons; and then quickly he passed on to the slave market.

The slave market certainly presented the most interesting and pathetic sights in the city. With the advent of the Portuguese the slave trade had vastly increased, since every fidalgo wanted to

possess scores of slaves. Indeed the slaves outnumbered the other inhabitants of the city and once rose in open revolt against their masters. The bulk of them, all blacks, came from Mozambique, which was a Portuguese stronghold. They cost no more than ordinary cattle and were treated no better. Their manual labours enabled the masters to live a life of idleness and extravagance. But white slaves of the fair sex from the countries bordering on the Persian Gulf, when young and comely, were rather expensive. They filled the harems of the conquerors—from the Viceroy downwards—and were the innocent cause of much fighting and bloodshed.

“What’s it, Jacobus?” asked Dom Jayme, forcing his way through the crowd to a man with a bloated face and bloodshot eyes who had been making piteous signs to him. He was a Dutch jeweller and usurer.

“Pardon, pardon, but Excellency well knows how the fidalgos hate me for being a Lutheran, and it would have been madness my trying to reach Your Excellency through this dense throng.”

“Well, what brings you here? Have you not slaves enough already?”

“Enough and to spare, Excellency,” answered the Dutchman with his mouth close to Dom Jayme’s ear, “but none that please me. Besides, I need someone charming enough to charm away the drink devil from me. My occupation of jeweller has made me fastidious, but that charmer standing between the two grinning negresses—Lord, everyone

is staring at her! See, that villain Ferrão is feeling her breasts! No need for that, you wretch; the charmer is a pure virgin, I'm assured by old Adelaide, whom I paid a goodly sum to test her. What a joy it must be! The thought makes me feel young again. Only a little less charming than Excellency's Dona Inez."

"Oh, Dona Inez has presented me with a bonny baby boy and I have promised her a necklace of pure Golcondas, good Jacobus."

"She shall have it, Excellency," promised Jacobus, chuckling to himself over the prospect of possessing the girl, for he was an old rake who squandered his money blindly on women and wine.

"And you shall have your charmer, my friend, though I myself had taken a fancy to her."

So saying Dom Jayme ordered the girl to be brought to the hammer, and waited to see who the bidders were and how far they went. Then, finding the bidding going on rather briskly, 'Twenty-five!' he roared out, scowling upon Ferrão, who was the leader of a gang of desperadoes and whose bid had been twenty pardaos or six pounds. A deep silence followed, and the fair Syrian was taken charge of by one of Dom Jayme's retainers. The bargain could not be considered a bad one, for the girl was infernally pretty.

There were two other Syrian girls, though not so pretty, one of whom was bought by Ferrão and the other by our friend the *Capitão*. Dom Jayme bought ten negroes, to make good the casualties occurring in his battalion.

When the markets closed for the day it was past noon, and the populace dispersed sullenly to their homes in various directions. Whenever so many rival parties under the ever bellicose fidalgos met in one place, as on the present occasion, and every party mortally jealous of its honour, the idle citizens of Goa had come to expect a serious disturbance, with a man or two killed or wounded, and they were not a little disappointed that nothing of the sort had happened that morning.

The charmer of Jacobus was being carried in a palanquin, followed by an admiring crowd, in which were some Portuguese armed with swords. After proceeding some way towards Dom Jayme's mansion the palanquin suddenly turned in the direction of the Dutch jeweller's residence at the other end of the Rua Direita, the armed men still following it at some distance. Hardly had the palanquin reached its destination when there was a great uproar, followed by clash of arms amidst repeated cries of "Viva Justiça!" Fortunately the mischief did not last more than a few minutes, and only two slaves of Jacobus and one *boya* (palanquin-bearer) were wounded; but the charmer was safe within the house. The miscreants beat a hasty retreat and entered one of the buildings of the Santa Casa de Misericórdia, near the Church of Our Lady of the Serra. The usual way of evading the law was to take refuge in a religious house.

No business used to be done in the afternoon, owing to the oppressive weather. "It is the worst climate I ever was in; and I have experienced many

bad ones," says Lady Isabel Burton, wife of the famous traveller and translator of the Arabian Nights and the Lusiad. "There was not a breath of air at night, and the thirst was agonizing; even the water was hot, and the more one drank the more one wanted: it was a sort of purgatory. I cannot think how the people manage to live there."

They did manage it, good lady, though, as your worthy husband remarks, "they cannot boast of ever having produced a single eminent literato or even a second rate poet." And so happily too that Goa became proverbial as an ideal land to live in, and strangers would visit it saying: "Let us go and take our ease among the cool shades of Goa *môt*," *môt* in the Goan language signifying *arcadia*. That at least is what old chroniclers tell us, but you may judge for yourself: in the forenoon they prayed to their gods or preyed upon one another; in the afternoon they rolled in their beds, and, to induce sleep, made the slaves break the prickly-heat pimples on their backs or pull out any gray hairs there might be on their heads. Pity that Englishmen in India were not aware of this method of treating prickly-heat, or the good Viceroy Lord William Bentinck could have spared himself the trouble of sprawling on the floor of the viceregal palace and the Welsh judge at Madras of bellowing like a baited bull, as they are said to have done because of this tormenting malady.

CHAPTER II

THE FIDALGUIA WHO RUINED THE EMPIRE

After their handsome compliments to him Babasinho would have liked to loiter in the company of the Viceroy's sons, had not his pretty costume been all disordered in consequence of the scuffle he had. So he galloped home, eager to tell his kind mistress what Dom Alvaro had said, and wondering how she would receive the news.

Dona Clara was in her bedroom, seated at a window the shutters of which, paned with polished oyster shells, slid vertically. She had raised the lowest shutter and was looking at the people passing by her house, a double-storeyed building standing a short distance from the Rua Direita, her own room being on the upper storey. After a time, "Pshiu! pshiu!" she called all of a sudden; but when the passer-by looked up she drew in her head. "It may not be," she sighed, and trembled, remembering the fate of poor Lucinda, her waiting-maid; how one night Dom Jayme had strangled her in her presence and the next morning, with his own servants as witnesses, had gone and told the judge that three masked persons had secretly entered his house and done the foul deed. "It may not be," she sighed again and threw herself down on the bed. Poor lady!

Daughter of noble but impoverished parents, Dona Clara had been sent out to India in the same ship that brought Saint Francis Xavier and the Viceroy before Dom João de Castro, with royal

injunctions that she should be given away in marriage only to a *Fidalgo da Casa Real*. Dom Jayme, who was one such and a distinguished officer besides, had taken her—whether for her dowry, in the form of a fat sinecure, or for her beauty, no one could say for certain. Saint Xavier himself had solemnised the marriage, and the whole city had turned out to see the brilliant bridal party pass through the streets of *Golden Goa* and to catch a glimpse of the beautiful bride. A happy honeymoon too had followed; and then—utter misery! It is three years now. She is a wife only in name, though Dom Jayme still calls her *carissima* (dearest) and allows her every luxury—but one, enjoyed by every woman at Goa to her heart's content. What has she done? Can that one unfortunate indiscretion of hers have come to his knowledge? What a fine youth he was, though!—"You have disgraced yourself and your family, Clára, and no one in Portugal will marry you now," the old Mother Superior of the convent had said angrily.—"But what a fine youth he was!" she said again to herself. "Only a gardener's son?—What did it matter? I would have been quite happy with him in his hut." And again the poor lady sighed!

Her reflections were interrupted by Babasinho, who stumbled into her room, saying, "Glorious news, senhõra, glorious news!"

"Nothing on earth can be so glorious to me as my Babasinho," answered the lady, some colour again coming into her face on beholding her pretty page.

"I look glorious indeed in these clothes, don't I, *senhõra*? And, see, my mantle is all torn."

"My darling would look glorious to me in any clothes—even without any clothes."

"I'm going to Diu to fight the Sultan of Gujarat and his general Khwaja Zafar."

"Khwaja Zafar, the Albanian renegade, of whose cruelty they tell such blood-curdling stories? Are you not afraid of him, foolish boy?"

"I'm more afraid of your kisses, *senhõra*. You nearly bit off my lips this morning. You mustn't fondle me like that or call me boy or *babasinho*, *senhõra*. I'm a man now."

"Come show it!" she smiled, putting her arms around his neck.

"No, I'm not afraid of Khwaja Zafar, *senhõra*," Babasinho resumed, freeing himself and standing defiantly before her. "I'll kill the fellow if I meet him in battle."

"And you'll kill *me* if you go to Diu," sighed the lady. "Indeed, you're all killing me as it is; and just now I feel a strange suffocation. If you have any love for me, come and rub my chest with this ointment. Bar the door first, good Babasinho." And she unloosened her velvet bodice, half exposing her voluptuous breasts, which ached for man's touch, untouched as they had been for long. "What a darling you are!" she continued, as Babasinho began to do her bidding. "How I have loved and adored you ever since I first saw you as you entered the blessed ship in which we two came together. What am I to call you then, my *carissimo*?"

"*Soldado* at present, *Viscount*—*Viscount of Diu*—after I have killed Khwaja Zafar."

"You must call me Clara then—no, Cara, Carissima!"

"You're Dom Jayme's carissima," answered Babasinho, curtly.

"No, yours—yours, eternally!" she gasped, embracing the boy and kissing him frantically. "Now or never!" she thought.

"Don't, don't now, *senhõra*, I feel quite ashamed," Babasinho was saying, and smiling in his confusion, the poor boy. He could not offend his mistress, who had always been kind to him and once at the risk of her own life had nursed him through a contagious sickness.

"In tropical climates, they say, people mature early, but he's still a boy perhaps," thought the wretched woman, and, clinging to this hope, she let her arms drop, closed her eyes, and feigned to be fainting.

Much alarmed, the poor boy called in the servants, two of whom he sent out in search of Dom Jayme.

At that hour Dom Jayme was pursuing his way towards the palace in order to meet Frei Jacinto, the Dominican, who, as chaplain to the Viceroy, had apartments there. (The Dominican Order was not established in Goa until 1548). And the demon of jealousy, raised by Jacobus, was pursuing Dom Jayme. Besides the church the Dutch jeweller's was the only place to which Inez had permission to go, on business matters of her own. Some slaves, of course, went with her palanquin. But that made

no difference, since the slaves were no more immaculate than their mistresses.

"How readily the old sot had promised the necklace! Dona Inez is more charming, is she? Then why not take her and give me the Syrian charmer? But I have a good mind to send Dona Inez after Lucinda! And then go myself after them—to hell!" In this manner did Dom Jayme torment his soul all the way, till he found himself in the friar's room.

"Help me, help me, good padre, or I shall go mad!" he gasped, embracing Frei Jacinto. "Help me—you're my family confessor—sudden suspicion—those children—my slaves—have given birth to—are they—mine?"

"They are, they are," Frei Jacinto assured him. "Compose yourself, Dom Jayme."

"Swear by Saint Dominic!" demanded the jealous lover.

"I swear!" responded the friar.

Dom Jayme sank on the floor with a sigh of relief and wiped off the perspiration on his forehead, all the while, however, looking suspiciously at the friar.

"Jealous as a Moor—and as cruel!" said Frei Jacinto when left to himself. "May the good Saint Dominic forgive me! But, had I spoken the truth, he would have gone home and strangled the mother and the innocent babe. The end justifies the means! Was I to tell him that the very girl upon whom he dotes so much, and whom he christened Inez saying she would be as dear to him as her namesake of tragic memory was to King Pedro the

Severe, has taken a fancy even to me, to me who am old enough to be her grandfather? She comes to me so often for confession, and once we had held a nice conversation between us two. How did it run? 'Father, there's another thing—will you get angry?'—'No'—'I keep dreaming—of you.'—'Of me? Why, my daughter?'—'Because, because you're so good—looking.'—I do not encourage the *bruxa*,* for I shouldn't like to be strangled just yet. Blessed Saint Dominic, deliver me from temptation!

"But they are all like that—masters and slaves, kings and commons. Now would anyone think ill of Dona Leonor, with those saintly looks of hers, who receives communion regularly every Sunday? Yet she is far worse than the other depraved ladies who stupefy their husbands with *dutró†* and take pleasure with their paramours. But for the confession of one of them on his deathbed, I should never have known that she is such a diabolical woman. And her own husband is one of the best natured men in the world and the only fidalgo in India that has given up military life in sheer disgust. Poor Guzmão!

"By the way what trouble do not this Dom Jayme and his household give me! This morning came Babasinho ordering me to go at once and give extreme unction to *Dona Inez* (a slave, if lucky, becomes a *Dona*, you see?—O the stupid boy!);

* A flirt; literally a witch.

† The vernacular name for *datura stramonium*, a poisonous plant and a powerful narcotic.

now—when I was just going to have my siesta—comes this jealous Moor to extort from me secrets of the confessional; tomorrow I must take a child of his by *Dona Inez* to church and have it baptized, myself standing as godfather; the day after (rather the night after) there will be found, I am sure, one of his negro roughs mortally wounded, and they will expect me in the dead of night to administer the last sacraments to him!

“It is the old rake’s jealousy of male friends that brings me this honour, the honour of being the *cumpadre** of *Dona Inez*! And that *bruxa* will now be my *cumadre*, a word also meaning a paramour, and in either case implying a degree of intimacy unbecoming a priest. Of course nobody will think the worse of me for it, among this profligate people, one of whose greatest kings was a bastard! But now that she has given birth to a male child and is free, though not at liberty to leave the master in his lifetime, the *bruxa* will grow bolder. Blessed Saint Dominic, deliver me from temptation!

“All the same I dare not offend Dom Jayme, for even His Excellency seems to fear him. Besides, does he not get me rich customers for the trinkets I bring from home and on the profits of which my poor dear widowed sister lives? If the little scamp, her boy, would only mend!”

The friar stopped, seeing a palanquin halt before his door and a veiled lady emerge from it.

* Among the Portuguese the parents and godparents of a child become *cumpadres* of each other.

"God save your ladyship!" said he with a profound courtesy.

"It would be a great humiliation for a person of my rank," the lady began, "to seek the charity of common people, as Your Reverence will agree. The allowance His Excellency grants barely suffices to provide me with the necessities of life, only two slaves being left out of the two score upon whose labours we had lived. All the world knows how my late husband was envied for his superior bravery, and how one after another our slaves lost their lives in the quarrels forced upon him, till he himself was shot down while hearing Mass in the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, as all the world knows. The murderers were masked and fired several shots, one of which killed a slave of Dom Jayme's who was kneeling just behind my poor husband, as all the world knows. But Dom Jayme took no notice, as he would have done if——"

"Pray, good senhõra, do not take Dom Jayme's name again or this interview must end," the friar interrupted, rising from his seat.

"Yes, yes, they are all afraid of him, and walls have ears. Therefore I too made no fuss about——"

"What was there between them? Speak low."

"Only this. One morning in the Rua de San Paulo, as Dom——did not return my husband's greeting as politely as honourable gentlemen should, my husband was provoked into saying, 'Know I am as honourable as you, Dom——'—'I shan't forget it, honourable sir!' retorted Dom——with a mock bow. Five days after that the cruel murder was

committed, as all the world knows, in the very church where Padre Francisco preaches those terrible sermons against our vices. But I forgive the murderers, whoever they be, because our Holy Mother Church enjoins us to forgive our enemies. Your Reverence sees that there is no pride or ill-feeling left in me, thanks to Santa Catharina to whom I pray every night to give me grace to bear my afflictions with patience and humility."

"What does your ladyship want with me now?"

"See how worn-out appears the silk awning of my palanquin! It must be renewed at all costs. Of course silk or damask is out of the question for me now: I must content myself with plain satin."

"Chintz is cheaper, senhõra, and——"

"Chintz! Why, 'Come down to chintz at last, our grand lady!' all my acquaintances would say, and that would hurt my self-respect. I have given up pride but I cannot be expected to give up self-respect. How can Your Reverence suggest such a thing?"

"I meant no offence, good senhõra, and, had I not given away yesterday the little that I had to Maria de Faria ——"

"Maria de Faria! Maria de Faria deserves no pity. She wasted her husband's pay on her gallant Faria, till he was sent home for trial, and then on others equally infamous. I would despise such gallants."

"Were you not too old now for gallants, senhõra," the priest could not help saying and smiling.

"Though not less attractive, senhõr, allow me to

add," the lady retorted, drawing herself up proudly and eyeing the friar with disdain.

"Give me a little time, senhõra," Frei Jacinto begged; "let me sell some of the trinkets received by the last ships and I shall see what can be done—but not a word of your having been here to anyone, please."

"Many thanks, many thanks. Always at the service of Your Reverence."

"Shameless woman!" said Frei Jacinto after the lady had departed, closing the door and stretching himself on his pallet. A slave fanned him, for the weather was simply unbearable. "They all take advantage of my good nature. But I wouldn't mind it," he thought, the many worries of the day still occupying his mind, "if that little scamp would only mend. What a wild youth! He nearly struck His Excellency's sons with his whip, they say, in his mad excitement this morning. Good they knew he is my nephew. I am bound to feel confused when next I meet them, courteous young cavaliers that they are. Only if I could give my sister some good news of her boy! 'He must be getting on very well, being with his dear uncle, chaplain to the mighty Viceroy of the East Indies,' she must be thinking. And here's the dear uncle throwing away money in charity to prostitutes! Poor sister, she has had such trials on earth!....sure will go to heaven...what a glorious place!....so many saints and angels....such singing and music....the angel Gabriel marking time with a long baton having a shining starlet at its upper end (not a little cane,

such as I used when directing the little choir in my native village)....What a grand symphony!.... now loud, now soft....softer....sweeter....still...." and, a moment after, the good friar was asleep.

Next morning he duly took to church Dom Jayme's child, in a palanquin dressed out as for a wedding. This double role of real *cumpadre* and apparent bridegroom, being against his good sense and modesty, taxed the priest's patience sorely. But, "Does he not get me rich customers for my trinkets?" he kept repeating to himself. All the way children came out from their houses to ask for his blessing, as they never failed to do whenever the friar appeared in public. These occasions afforded him much innocent pleasure, but now it seemed a mockery. Several times too were heard peals of laughter from the quarters occupied by the idle soldiers, for no man, however good, can escape the taunts of the wicked; and the soldiers of Goa were wicked beyond belief. To add to his chagrin—and anxiety—Babasinho rode behind the palanquin with some slaves, and might any moment lose his temper and create a scene. Anyway, he would begin to despise his poor uncle. And the boy was bad enough already. So it was with a sigh of relief that he deposited at last at the church door the innocent infant, which lay asleep in the midwife's arms.

At the church there was arriving party after party of gay cavaliers in velvet doublets and veiled dames in silk brocade, but a long while passed before the actual ceremony could begin. Each lady, moving

as she did in slippers with heels six inches high, took no less than a quarter of an hour to enter the church and range herself around the baptismal font. The slaves also, carrying carpets, cushions, prayer books, and what not, had to take up their places behind their respective mistresses. It is true there was no need on this occasion for all these articles, but when else, besides Sundays, were they to be displayed, since the jealous husbands kept the ladies in strict purdah? And what was the use of possessing them if they could not be displayed?

Baptismal ceremony over, the company returned in a long procession—the gentlemen on horseback, the ladies in palanquins, and the army of slaves on foot—all moving as slowly and solemnly as at a funeral, amidst the deafening noise of all sorts of musical instruments, including trumpets. From the windows friends and neighbours threw on the party flowers, rose-water and fancy comfits. The trumpet blasts sounded amazingly incongruous but they were indispensable, for how else could the remoter parts of the city know that such a grand event was taking place in the world? Fortunately the city was no more than five miles in circuit.

On reaching Dom Jayme's house the company divided themselves, the gentlemen entering the sumptuous drawing-room and the ladies the zenana. The guests were treated to a variety of sweetmeats and fruits, but wine was served only for drinking the toasts of the infant and its parents and god-parents. The godfather's toast was drunk more enthusiastically than of the others, disconcerting the

good friar not a little. The beverage chiefly consumed was lemon-water or pure water from the spring of Banguenim, which was highly esteemed for its mineral properties. Half the slave population were engaged in fetching water from this spring and selling it in the city.

When the guests began to take their leave a servant came running to call Frei Jacinto into the slaves' sanctum. Inez was on a rough bamboo mat spread out on the floor, reclining against the wall. A rich rug had been thrown over her, evidently in expectation of the friar's visit. A necklace of diamonds sparkled around her alabaster neck. She was as happy as a new mother can be. The second new mother (a negress), lying on a similar mat in another corner of the room but whose child had been christened two weeks before without all this fuss, was crooning to her baby—

“ My baba same papa,
Same papa my baba ”—

and doubtless trying to forget her grievance and to ignore the festivities going on in the house.

“ A pretty wench indeed ! ” Frei Jacinto could not help saying to himself as, with some complimentary words, he took the hand of Inez and recollected the stories of the disputes among the slaves as to who was the more beautiful—Dona Clara or the *Hebrew Witch*, as they had nicknamed Inez. “ As far as the eyes go my lady must yield to her slave,” he thought.

Just then Dona Clara herself came in, having seen

all her lady guests off, and without any words placed a glass of muscatel in the *cumpadre's* hand. A sickly smile played on her face.

The *cumpadre* knew what was expected of him and toasted Inez and her child as well as he could, taking a sip at the wine.

"Drink now your *cumpadre's* health," said Dona Clara then, forcing the same glass into Inez's hand—and rushed to her own room. She had done everything as ordered.

"Viva *cumpadre!*" cried Inez, after some hesitation, touching the glass with her lips. She was smiling triumphantly, as much as to say, "I have you now!"

The friar did not expect this. "Accursed race!" he thought, and left the house precipitately.

Until that hour Dom Jayme had found no time to visit his favourite slaves. "Can your boy speak now, Delicioza?" he asked, entering their room and approaching the negress.

"No!" grunted the negress crossly.

"What! nearly a month and unable to speak? I had expected him to be as smart as you, Delicioza," said the father, kissing both the baby and the mother.

"I'm not so smart as some others," the mother replied with some heat.

Dom Jayme took the rebuff quietly, and went to Inez, who was suckling the baby and pulled the rug over her exposed breasts; but he had seen enough, and nearly swooned with joy at the sight of so much loveliness.

"Don't now, mamma!" he protested, gently drawing off the rug; and, kneeling beside her, kissed the breasts again and again.

"How bewitching you look, Inez!" he said, gazing rapturously on her. "Judith herself couldn't have looked more bewitching when she went to tempt General Holofernes. Would you like to be the Portuguese Judith, Inez, and rid us of that pest Khwaja Zafar?"

"I wouldn't like to tempt anyone," answered Inez, and turned pale, knowing what explosions sometimes followed her lover's caresses.

"No? not old Jaco——"

But before the word was finished the baby suddenly started screeching.

"Does he see a demon that he screeches so?" said Dom Jayme, rather upset.

"He does, he does, I'm afraid, *senhôr*. He's a new Christian and has been restless since he was brought back from church. Santa Catharina protect us!" cried the poor mother in real alarm.

"Old Jacobus has got a nice Syrian girl, I was going to say," resumed the lover, relenting. "I bought her for him that you might have that necklace of his."

"Is the necklace his?" sighed the shocked girl. "The servant said *senhôr* gave it and that I was to wear it to-day. You'll take it away then, *senhôr*?"

"No, it is yours, Inez."

"Very very kind. Will *senhôr* take it off my neck and put it round baby's? I want to see how he looks with it," said Inez, with a bewitching smile.

"No, no, the baby shall have another, carissima, and you two shall have a room to yourselves from to-day."

And, with that, Dom Jayme left the room, half sorry that the demon of jealousy had been frightened away by the infant's cries, and marvelling at his own forbearance. The demon might have reappeared had not a visitor been announced.

"Welcome, welcome, my friend!" exclaimed Dom Jayme, leading the visitor into the drawing-room. "You're just in time—to dine together and *matar saudades** of the good old days."

"Thanks, thanks, Excellency," began the visitor, taking a comfortable seat. "It's a gala day for us friends and admirers of Dom Jayme, thought I, and hurried on in my old uniform, though it is somewhat faded now. And in honour of your new heir, who is sure to add to the prestige of our nation if he have anything of his father in him, I have worn the decoration with which His Most Faithful Majesty honoured me in recognition of my meritorious services to the empire. I would have come sooner to present my compliments had I not only yesterday come out of hospital. Since my wretched wife went to live with that caitiff there is no one at home to look after me in time of sickness. (Your Excellency sees what a scarecrow I am become though no more than forty). And poor Generoza, my Kanarim servant, is busy the whole

* It is difficult to give an adequate rendering of this expressive Portuguese phrase. "Assuage the memories" is the nearest approach to its meaning.

day making pickles and selling them from door to door among the wealthier folk. She won't sell them in the market or to ordinary people, as the other servants do, so jealous is she of family prestige, rather national prestige, I should say. (I remembered Your Excellency was fond of her pickles and have brought this jar with me: Dona Inez might like them too). It is wonderful how these Kanarins and Caffres are imbibing our high notions of honour, along with our religion. Yet Padre Francisco sees only the dark side of us: national prejudice, I am afraid, he being a Spaniard. Pity, for he's a nice man in other respects; never failed to see me every time he visited the hospital. By the bye, Dom Jayme, that hospital is more like a big pigsty, with so many of our unfortunate countrymen suffering from venereal diseases, and I wish something could be done to have distinguished officers treated in separate wards. It reflects sadly on our national prestige."

Here, a servant coming in to say dinner was served, the gentlemen rose and went to the dining table, which literally groaned under a large variety of dishes. It was really a banquet, prepared for relatives and intimate friends, as was the custom on the occasion of a christening. Dom Jayme had no relatives in Goa, and his intimate friends, if he had any, did not care or dare to dine at his house, for the simple reason that it was unsafe to do so. The host, Babasinho, and the visitor were the only persons that partook of the banquet, the last so very heartily that he could not stand erect and had

to be lifted and put into his palanquin, which the servants filled with many a packet of sweetmeats. The host himself attended to this matter, and at parting bowed as if his guest were His Most Faithful Majesty himself.

Several such *fidalgos* (though none with any decoration) called at the house in the course of the evening, simply to tender *parabens* (congratulations), and for nothing else, as they protested. It is not necessary to describe each one of them separately: enough to say that they all came in the same palanquin by turns and wore silk suits, rather the same silk suit. Though most of them were disreputable characters nobody was treated otherwise than kindly, and this by the very man that had the reputation of being both cruel and haughty. Could national prestige alone have accounted for Dom Jayme's behaviour, or was he trying to torture someone? But there is no time to speculate on this, for we must follow the elegant lady who has just entered Dona Clara's room. Ah, the door is barred! Well, that only sharpens our curiosity the more. We must listen at the keyhole.

"—and after my doing so much for you!"—That's Dona Clara's voice, surely!—"Not that I cared who came and who came not, but I wanted *you*, I wanted to ask——"

"So sorry, dear, but I took ill suddenly. It's all due to the penances I have imposed upon myself. 'You'll kill yourself with those dreadful penances of yours, Dona Leonor,' says Dr. Garcia every time I go to consult him."

"Unless, before that, Heaven snatch you away in a chariot of fire, my dear saint!"

"How you do blaspheme, dear! Take not the name of Heaven in vain."

"But Heaven should have some pity, for what will become of the poor fellows who live on your charity? 'One of the more importunate must have detained her,' that's what my lady guests were whispering among themselves, noticing your absence this morning and aware of your husband's presence."

"Say what you please, nothing shall offend me: I'm bent on a life of self-mortification, Clara."

"And I'm bent on being a saint, Leonor."

"You can afford to be facetious, enjoying as you do every luxury on earth."

"Except of being a saint. Tell me how to manage it, my dear saint."

"Manage what?"

"To be a saint. Ask whatever you like (I never denied you anything); only tell me the secret."

"What secret, my dear?...What secret can I know save what I hear from people?"

"Well, what do you hear?"

"Can't you find it out from the servants?"

"Not a single one can be trusted."

"Why do you want it, dear, you who are the wife of one of the wealthiest men in all Goa and enjoy every luxury on earth?"

"Just for curiosity."

"I know nothing beyond what they tell me."

"What do they tell you? Answer!"

"I will....I will—don't pinch me—but why do you want it, dear?"

"Just for curiosity, I told you. For what else can I want it, being as I am the wife of one of the wealthiest men in all Goa and enjoying every luxury on earth? You shan't escape me this time, hypocrite! Out with it!"

'Don't speak so loud, for God's sake! Walls have ears!"

Also keyholes have them! Ah, they have left off jokes and begun business—the saints! Yes, they have drawn their chairs closer and are speaking in whispers. What would Dom Jayme not give to be present! We'll see what follows....

"Believe me."

There they are again!

"Do you mean to say, dear Leonor, that the man really recognizes nothing after he has taken the stuff and remembers nothing of the past after its effects are over?"

"Absolutely nothing—take my word for it, I mean the word of those who know all about it, my dear. And he does or says nothing, but grins like a fool—they say. But why so particular if you ask only from curiosity, and why do you tremble so, my dear? Poor Lucinda!"

"Because, because, my dear saint, I might be rapt up to heaven in a chariot of fire before you yourself are! But sit down, sit down a little longer.... I have something else to ask. Is there nothing, dear Leonor, to make a man love only one woman? You know how my husband——"

"Why, you seemed to rejoice over his ever-increasing progeny."

"I do indeed—it's one of my luxuries, but——"

"But what? No man here would stick to one woman or a woman to one man. I must take your leave now, dear Clara."

We had better withdraw in time.

CHAPTER III

THE FERINGHEES* WHO RENOUNCED THEIR FAITH AND FATHERLAND

We have seen how at the slave market the Syrian charmer of Jacobus had been not only the centre of attraction but also a bone of contention. till the most formidable man in the city had snatched her away at his own price and, as everyone thought, for his own use. Indeed he might have taken her for himself, had not a certain demon filled him just then with a temporary hatred of the sex. Moreover, he did not like to offend Jacobus, who had always paid him great deference and allowed his many concubines to buy jewellery at cost price.

But Jacobus lived to rue his bargain. Instead of charming away his drink devil the Syrian charmer charmed away his wits completely. To begin with, she had made a firm stand against his erotic advances, a thing unheard of till then among the

* In that age all Europeans were known among Indians as Feringhees.

slaves at Goa. When he had wished to call her Felecidade (Felicity), "Rachel! Rachel!" she had answered snappishly. When, opening his show-cases, he had given her to understand that the jewellery in them would be all hers when she became his, she had put on some of the jewels and had stood admiring herself before a mirror, but with not so much as a word or smile of thanks to himself. He had seen his own reflection beside hers, without noticing the frightful contrast. "She must be a paragon of virtue," the infatuated man had thought, and had married her. He was sadly undeceived before many days had passed.

Of the many men Rachel had captivated at the slave market only one seems to have captivated *her*—a penniless young *Reynol* (a newly-arrived Portuguese soldier was called *Reynol*) named Antonio Fragoso, but whom the people had nicknamed Antonio Fogoso because of his fiery temper. He it was that had made the disturbance near Jacobus's house on that eventful day, not with any intention of carrying off Rachel but simply out of vexation. He now began to visit her daily and to enjoy himself with her, even when Jacobus happened to be in the house. The presence of armed friends of the intruder, stationed within call, struck terror into the wretched husband. This went on for some time, until one night the guilty pair disappeared with a goodly portion of the Dutchman's jewellery, leaving no trace behind. Only months after the incident was it discovered that Fragoso had taken service with the Sultan of Bijapur, who valued

greatly the Feringhees, for their valour no less than for their skill in arms, and gave them rapid promotions. We know of one Feringhee who changed his name to Yogris Khan, soon became a general, and among other military works built the *Feringhee Tower*, which is now one of the sights in the ruined city; of another Feringhee (formerly a ship's carpenter) who called himself Abdullah and in 1505 led an attack against his own countrymen at Anjediva; and of a third scoundrel who in 1547 was sent by the Sultan to overrun the mainlands of Goa. Even so late as Shah Jahan's reign (1627-1658) certain reverses suffered by the Moghul forces in the Deccan were attributed to the assistance of Portuguese gunners from Goa. On the other hand we hear of one renegade who used to go about the streets of Delhi, with a huge cross upon his shoulder and a rope round his neck, begging Christ's mercy, and of another (a fugitive friar) that Prince Shah Alam came across in the Deccan and put to death in cold blood because he had reverted to Christianity and would not recant his faith.

That is what the Portuguese criminals used to do whenever Goa grew too hot for them—they fled from the settlement and renounced their religion and country, though to prevent their escape the rivers all around had been filled with crocodiles and every boat and ferry was kept under police surveillance. The number of these renegades could not have been small, for in the great battle of Raichur in 1520, or only ten years after the capture of Goa by the Portuguese, as many as 500 of them

were slain, "after doing such wonderful deeds that ever after they were remembered." They had formed the bodyguard of the commander-in-chief of the Bijapur army, and in trying to prevent his being taken prisoner everyone had been cut to pieces by the Hindu soldiers of Vijayanagar. Old Ferishta has nothing to say about them, but he may well have for once laid aside his determination to "tell truth," since the Sultan of Bijapur, "by whose bounty he was placed above all pecuniary wishes and could afford to trample gold beneath his feet," had suffered a crushing defeat.

Similarly the good historian ignores another episode of the same war, but which I cannot help recounting, because, besides being very interesting in itself, it shows the reason why Indian princes were anxious to have Feringhees in their service. A few days after that great battle, in which the Bijapur army was almost annihilated, the Hindu Rajah (the great Krishna Deva) returned to the siege of the fortress itself, which had for months been successfully holding out against him. In fact the garrison, with some pieces of cannon they had, had been playing such havoc among the besiegers that these now kept themselves at a safe distance. But it came to pass that one day, while the Rajah sat brooding over his ill-fortune, there came to him from Vijayanagar a Feringhee horse-dealer, Christovão de Figueiredo by name, with twenty musketeers and asked leave to go and see how it fared with the Moors, by which name all Mahomedans were known to Europeans in those days. To this

the Rajah made answer that he did not want to see his friends killed.—“War is our whole business, Sire!” cried Christovão de Figueiredo, like the hero that he was. The Rajah wondered greatly at these words and allowed the bold Feringhee to have his own way, advising him, however, to proceed with the utmost caution. But the Feringhees knew their business too well and went as stealthily as panthers after prey, till they were within musket range of the enemy. Then, as soon as the Moors appeared on the ramparts, which they did frequently and thoughtlessly, up went the muskets and down came the Moors—dead! This continued for a week, when the Moorish general (unacquainted till then with the effect of muskets), finding that so many of his men were being killed in a mysterious way and wishing to see things with his own eyes, one day came and stood looking out from one of the embrasures, and was himself killed on the spot. Upon this there was great panic and lamentation among the soldiers and people of Raichur and soon the chief citizens came out with a white flag and uplifted hands praying for mercy. And, being admitted into the Rajah’s presence and seeing Christovão de Figueiredo there, they pointed him out as the man who had killed their general and brought this calamity upon them. Then said the Rajah, turning to his generals, who were gazing in admiration at the Feringhee: “See what great things can be done by one brave man!” And there was much feasting and rejoicing in the Hindu camp. Not long afterwards Christovão de Figueiredo was

appointed *thanadar-mór* (chief revenue collector) of the mainlands of Goa.

The majority of the deserters went to Bijapur, which was the largest and most powerful of the Mahomedan kingdoms in the Deccan and generally at war with the Portuguese, and no attempts were made to bring them back, except once by Albuquerque, to whom nineteen wretches, who had gone over to the enemy during the siege of Goa in 1512, were given up on condition that their lives should be spared. Their lives were spared indeed but their noses, ears and right hands were cut off "for a warning and in memory of the punishment meted out to them for the treason and evil which they had committed against God and their king." The ringleader, a fidalgo named Fernão Lopes, when being taken to Portugal for trial managed to make his escape while the vessel was watering at Saint Helena, of which island, then uninhabited, he became the first colonist and where he led a sort of Robinson Crusoe life till his death in 1546. Albuquerque's warning, however, was lost upon the next generation, and Portuguese criminals grew bolder year by year, till in 1540 a gang of them, headed by a fidalgo named Gonçalo Vaz Coutinho, broke their prison at Goa and marched out of the city, in broad daylight and under the Viceroy's very nose, straight to Bijapur! Dare-devil fellows the fidalgos were! When in 1535 the Portuguese were allowed by the Sultan of Gujarat to build a fort at Diu, one Diogo Botelho (a banished man and the bastard son of a malcontent who had been an

inveterate enemy of Albuquerque) fitted out an ordinary boat secretly and sailed for Portugal, so as to be the first messenger of the good news and expecting, no doubt, a handsome reward for his services. The king was a great fool for pardoning the man since he had left India without permission, and a greater fool for destroying the boat since it was the most wonderful trophy of its kind in the world and would have brought much honour to His Majesty.

This open defiance of the authorities need not surprise us, for the viceroys who succeeded Albuquerque were, with few exceptions, little fit to govern, Albuquerque's own nephew—Dom Garcia de Noronha—being less so than any other, and the viceroyalty was steadily falling into disrepute. So early as 1524 Vasco da Gama, in accepting the office, had let it be understood distinctly that he was doing a favour to the King. And though he himself managed to maintain his dignity, a descendant and successor of his—Dom Francisco da Gama—was subjected to gross insults, and on the day he was embarking for Portugal forty men went aboard his vessel and hanged him in effigy from the yardarm. Even Dom João de Castro, for all his prestige and popularity, did not escape humiliation at the hands of his troops, who had once refused to go on active service unless they were first given their arrears of pay.

With the exception of Dom Jayme and his concubines nobody was sorry for Jacobus, because he was hated by people for lending money at an exorbitant rate of interest. One, on the contrary,

was heartily glad. "Serve him right, the vile Lutheran!" had cried Frei Jacinto on hearing the news. "My nephew is safe now."

Babasinho had admired the devilries of Frago and often participated in them. When taken to task one day by his uncle he had replied point-blank that he wanted to learn to fight, that he was determined to kill Khwaja Zafar with his own hands, and——

"And what?—become Viscount of Diu, you stupid boy? And am I to write all this nonsense to your good mother? Go away, please!" Frei Jacinto had exclaimed, closing the door against his nephew.

CHAPTER IV

BABASINHO WINS HIS SPURS AT THE BATTLE OF DIU

Babasinho was not destined to kill Khwaja Zafar, the Sultan of Gujarat's dreaded general, who, however, was so very small in size that he had been nicknamed *Sifr Agha* (the Cipher). The thrilling siege of Diu had begun, and one day Khwaja Zafar, while inspecting a trench, had his head carried off by a well-aimed cannon shot. A Christian Albanian by birth, he had embraced Islam, and because of this his mother every year used to write him a letter addressed "at the gate of hell." Let us hope that he received the letters at last.

But his death made matters worse for the little garrison, though the reinforcements sent under

Dom Fernando had increased their number to 400. Khwaja Zafar was succeeded by his more active son Rumi Khan and a bitterer enemy of the Portuguese, and one day Rumi Khan with feigned attacks lured a party commanded by Dom Fernando to a bastion under which a mine had been laid, and all of them were killed or wounded by the explosion.

A fast-sailing ship brought the news to Goa. On seeing it approach gay with bunting and firing salvos, the people had rushed to the riverside in great excitement—only to learn that, though the garrison held out bravely, the gallant son of the Viceroy was no more!

But Dom João was like the old Romans, though far from the *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* that certain Portuguese writers would have us believe he was. When sending Dom Fernando to Diu he had written to its captain, as the governor or commandant of a Portuguese stronghold in the East was officially designated, that for every stone of the fortress he would sacrifice a son. Now if one son had fallen was not the fortress safe? So he ordered all the church bells to be rung and next morning, clad in a scarlet uniform, went in state to the cathedral, where a thanksgiving service was held.

The people were not so easily consoled, and, service ended, quite a multitude, mostly negro slaves, gathered in the market-place to hear the messenger from Diu recount the sad disaster. It appeared that the commandant of the fortress, scenting danger, had ordered Dom Fernando to withdraw, and

that the young man would have obeyed, had he not been taunted with being a coward by his friend Diogo de Reynoso, a reckless fellow, who two years before had been sentenced to death for insubordination and then pardoned only for being under age. With Dom Fernando and his friend 46 men were killed and 22 others wounded.

Here, "Viva, I say, the memory of Dom Fernando!" cried *Capitão* Mendes, pushing himself through the crowd and taking his stand beside the messenger. "Weep not, my compatriots, but rejoice. Follow the example of our great Viceroy. Our Viceroy's brave son has gone to join another Viceroy's brave son—and the ranks of the immortals. Like Dom Fernando de Castro Dom Lourenço de Almeida had refused to withdraw—to bear off his ship from the enemy fleet—and, when one of his legs was shattered by a cannon-shot, had stood by the mainmast encouraging his men, till another shot flung him lifeless on the deck. That is the kind of death——"

The *Capitão's* voice was drowned by a loud outburst of sobs and cries from the people, who, not understanding this well-meant harangue on heroism, only felt deeply that one they had known and admired should have been cut off in such tragic circumstances.

Among the crowd was Babasinho, thinking how, if his uncle had not prevented him from going to Diu, he would have had a chance of dying like a hero and of being mourned over by thousands of people.

The uncle himself had changed his mind now with regard to his nephew, and when he went in to tender his sympathy he begged Dom João to consider Babasinho as his own son. "If the lad can help to defend one stone, Your Excellency," he said, "I shall be satisfied."

His Excellency was touched. "But your high-spirited nephew shall be under my own orders, padre, and I'll see that he does nothing so rash as my too—O padre, padre, padre!" sobbed the bereaved father, despite his Roman heart, and collapsed in the arms of his good chaplain.

Great was the joy and astonishment of Babasinho when he suddenly found himself installed at the palace and in constant attendance upon the hero whom he had hitherto been allowed to admire only from a distance. His astonishment increased when after some days he found that his hero would do nothing of importance without the advice of Padre Francisco—that funny little priest whom he almost despised, though he had been very kind to himself on the voyage, both of them having come to Goa in the same ship. At Goa itself they had scarcely ever met. Of course Babasinho had often seen the priest in the streets, followed by slaves and half-naked children reciting the catechism. And now, though they came in daily contact, beyond giving Babasinho his hand to kiss, the priest took no notice of him, which began to hurt the lad's feelings a little. On the other hand the lad had the good sense to make allowance for this indifference to himself, as the priest always appeared busy and

preoccupied. However, on the eve of Dom João and Babasinho's embarkation for Diu Padre Francisco suddenly entered the latter's room after nightfall, and laying his hand on the lad's head, "Remember me, child, remember me!" he said tenderly, and went away. And, behold, a strange light played about the priest's head! Babasinho knew not what to make of it. "Is it possible that Peter the Hermit has arisen?" he asked himself. The lad knew something of history—war history in particular—and verily believed that his countrymen were engaged in a crusade against the Moors of India. He was not allowed to continue his reflections, having been sent for suddenly by Dom João.

After Goa Diu was of the greatest importance to Portugal in the East, and Dom João had long been making preparations for its relief. With the help of drawings supplied by its captain, Dom João Mascarenhas, he had erected at Goa a fortress similar to that of Diu, including the enemy's works, and was daily exercising his troops in sham fights there. When at last he appeared with reinforcements before Diu, the siege had lasted eight months, with terrible sufferings on the part of the besieged. By means of rope-ladders placed against the sea-face the soldiers were secretly introduced into the fortress in three successive nights. The garrison then numbered 3,500 against 20,000 of the enemy, who had, moreover, 50,000 men in reserve. Nevertheless Dom João decided to give battle without delay. At sunrise on the 11th of November, 1546—a date

memorable to the Portuguese nation—three rockets fired over the sea gave the signal for advance. The movements at first were cautious—the men under the Viceroy himself had even wavered—till a stone from a Gujarati slinger broke one arm of the crucifix that a Franciscan, by name Antonio do Casal, held aloft.—“Look, soldiers, what the infidels have done! Let us all die for Christ!” cried the intrepid friar, rushing forward. The soldiers followed, and from that moment carried everything before them. Rumi Khan and 3,000 of his men were killed, and 600 taken prisoners, including Juzar Khan, another of the generals of the Sultan of Gujarat. The loss on the Portuguese side was 100 killed and 400 wounded.

To console himself for this great disaster the Sultan caused the Portuguese prisoners (twenty-eight in number) to be flayed alive in his presence. It was a barbarous thing to do, but the Portuguese had no reason to complain, as they were in the habit of doing things as barbarous to their enemies when these fell into their hands. Vasco da Gama used to torture helpless fishermen, and Albuquerque once cut off the noses of innocent women. Dom Francisco de Almeida, the first Viceroy of Goa, tore out the eyes of a Nair (nobleman of the warrior caste in Malabar) who had come in to him with a promise of his life. “Moors and Gentiles,” according to the Portuguese official historian João de Barros, “were outside the law of Jesus Christ.”—“Throughout their dealings with the Portuguese,” writes Mr. Robert Sewell in his

interesting history of Vijayanagar, "I find not a single instance where the Hindu kings broke faith with the intruders, but as much cannot, I fear, be said on the other side. The Europeans seemed to think that they had a divine right to the pillage, robbery, and massacre of the natives of India. Not to mince matters, their whole record is one of a series of atrocities." If humanity be a proof of civilization Indians at that time were more civilized than the Portuguese. When the Portuguese settlement of San Thomé, near Madras, was held to ransom for the intolerant acts of the missionaries there, the Rajah of Vijayanagar, in whose dominions the settlement lay, kept such good faith that Diogo de Couto, the Portuguese historian, was forced to confess that such humanity and justice were not to be found among Christians. Again, when Dom Lourenço de Almeida was killed in a naval action off Chaul, Malik Aiyaz, the enemy admiral, sought out his body to give it a decent burial, and wrote a letter of condolence to his father the Viceroy.

Though the glory of it has gone all to *one* Dom João, this signal victory was due really to *two* Dom Joãos—to the Dom João who defended the fortress no less than to the Dom João who relieved it. Were it not for the wisdom and tact of Dom João Mascarenhas in directing and controlling for eight months the small garrison (influenced as it was, moreover, by rash and unruly youths) the victory would have been

impossible. It is sad to think that this brave and wise officer should have met his death fighting by the side of a foolish king in the foolish war that began and ended with the disastrous battle of Alcacer-Kebir.

Prizes had been promised to those who should scale first the enemy ramparts. One Dom João Manoel who made the attempt after both his hands had been cut off fell back dead, and it is not surprising that all the prizes were won by fidalgos: the first (1,000 cruzados) by Miguel Rodrigues Coutinho, who subsequently sullied his reputation by playing the Shylock to Camoens; the second (500 cruzados) by Cosmo de Paiva; and the third (300 cruzados) by the hero of our tale. Dom João embraced affectionately his little aide-de-camp in the sight of the whole garrison. The uncle would have given much to be present on the occasion, but he had been left behind for being in poor health. That he was jubilant and thankful—and that more over the gallant and good behaviour of his nephew than over the victory—may be gathered from this entry in his diary:—

“November 22, 1546—Did I not say it? Did I not say that the little scamp would mend? ‘My good padre-tio’ he calls me; never before called me that. It was always ‘Padre-tio, I want twenty pardaos to pay off a debt of honour,’ or ‘Tio, you wouldn’t like to see your nephew drown himself in the river?....Well, then, he won’t if you give him a hundred pardaos—without questions.’ And now he calls me ‘my good padre-tio.’ My prayers have

been answered: praise be to God! But let me copy the letter here:—

‘ My good Padre-tio

Great victory and I a rich man. Will be when the amount is paid, 300 cruzados! Was one of the first to scale the enemy fortifications. Dom João embraced me in the presence of the whole garrison, The ladies smothered me with kisses, calling me *valente rapaz*—confound them! No more a *rapaz*, mind. No time. Write mother, my good padre-tio.

Rodrigo dos Santos’

He’s just like his father, and may yet live to be a viscount. *Visconde de Diu* would not be an inappropriate title for this quondam *vadio*.* Yes, I shall write to his mother and send her fifty cruzados in his name. The victory, of course, is the relief of Diu, the news of which has thrown the whole city into a delirium of joy. There now, though it is near midnight, I hear the vagabonds raising *vivas* to the victor. They are out for plunder, and there will surely be a number of murders to-night. The victor himself is hardly to be envied. He has no money to pay the troops and has asked the Senate for a loan of 20,000 pardaos, sending as security some hairs of his beard. He would have pawned the bones of his son Dom Fernando, had the body not been found to be still in a state of decomposition. So says Dom Alvaro, who is very

* Vagabond.

ill and has come here for treatment. With one son dead and another almost dying and public affairs in such a deplorable state, Dom João's health is bound to give way."

The Viceroy's letter to the Senate had touched the people's hearts. Some ladies even sold off their jewellery to make up the required amount (20,000 pardaos or 6,000 pounds), which was despatched without delay, the pledge being returned in a silver casket. Half of the amount was subscribed by Kanarim merchants.

When next April Dom João himself returned to Goa, he was given a reception on the lines of a Roman Triumph. In fact, as far as noise went, it surpassed whatever Old Rome may have witnessed, the thundering of cannon and the clangour of bells from the fifteen churches round about having been incessant from beginning to end. The landing place was covered with costly carpets and decorated with streamers of silk and brocade. At the city gateway, over which were emblazoned in gold the arms of the Castros, Senator Thomé Dias Cayado delivered an address of welcome in elegant Latin, and crowned the victor with a laurel wreath and thrust a palm in his hand. A procession was then formed, headed by the brave Franciscan holding high the broken crucifix with which he had led the troops to victory. Behind him was carried the royal standard; next, trailing in the dust, were seen the enemy colours, followed by Juzar Khan "with folded hands and downcast eyes" and the 600 prisoners in fetters. After these came the Portuguese soldiers

dragging some of the guns used at Diu. Last of all rode the Viceroy, with Dom Alvaro on his right and the little aide-de-camp on his left, under a canopy borne by the Senators and accompanied by the state functionaries and many fidalgos. In this order the pageant proceeded to the cathedral, where Dom João was received by the Archbishop and the other church dignitaries, and a *Te Deum* was sung. All along the route the people from the windows scattered flowers and sprinkled perfumes on the Viceroy, the monk, and the soldiers.

This triumphal entry was a gesture on the part of Dom João quite in keeping with tradition and the times, and we can hardly agree with the Queen of Portugal who is said to have remarked that he "had conquered like a Christian and triumphed like a heathen." At the same time it must not be forgotten that the victory of Diu, of which so much has been made and which has even been celebrated in an epic, if it marked the climax of Portuguese power in India marked also the beginning of its rapid decline.

Dona Clara was the only Portuguese that did not rejoice over these grand happenings, for the Viceroy had taken away her idol. "Would the Viceroy were dead!" she must often have said to herself. And, as a matter of fact, within fourteen months of his triumphal entry into Goa the Viceroy died, in the arms of his friend and counsellor Padre Francisco, and—to translate the oft-quoted words of Faria y Souza, the Spanish historian—"of a disease which to-day kills no man: it was

a keen sense of the wretched state to which India had come, and his own inability to repair it." Other writers attribute Dom João's death to the failure of the expedition he had sent to the Red Sea under the command of his son Dom Alvaro (nicknamed "the chicken-hearted"), who had returned to Goa in April without having dared to attack the enemy and yet had prevailed upon the people to accord him a "triumph." Dom João was buried at public expense, for he had been too honest to make money. And no honest state official in Portuguese dominions can make money or prosper in any way. Why, only a few years back the governor of Goa, because he tried to govern honestly, was seized without ceremony by his own countrymen and locked up in a room! Be that as it may, Dom João, if he left no money, has left a name that recalls to the Portuguese their most brilliant military exploit in the East!

CHAPTER V

BABASINHO FALLS AMONG GAMBLERS

Dom João de Castro was succeeded by Garcia de Sá, one of the heroes of Diu and an upright character. It was not likely that he would favour a dependent of Dom Jayme's, and Babasinho found himself without office. This sudden turn in his fortunes preyed on our young hero's mind and led him into a course of life the reverse of heroic. The evil really began at Diu, where in one night he

had gambled away all his prize-money. He may have been cheated, though among the players was Miguel Rodrigues Coutinho, the winner of the first prize for gallantry. And now Babasinho began to worry his uncle for money; and one day under threats of suicide extorted a hundred pardaos, to settle a debt of honour, as the insolent gambler averred. Since this incident Frei Jacinto had taken to bed. (In September, 1548, the Dóminicans having arrived in India he had left the palace and joined his Order).

Gambling has ever been the outstanding feature of social life in Portuguese colonies, and there is in them to-day at least one place that supports itself virtually on that vice and on smuggling, the "Fan-tan" gaming-houses alone paying £200,000 a year to the Government for a licence. This infamous place is no other than the small city of Macao—the Monte Carlo of the East—where Camoens passed his wrongful banishment and where an admiring Englishman has carved out a simple memorial to him on the site of the grotto in which a portion of the *Lusiad* was composed. Were it not for this we would not be sorry to see this abominable city swallowed up in an earthquake!

At Goa gambling-houses abounded all over and paid a heavy tax to Government. They were frequented by all classes of people, the more confirmed players taking up quarters permanently there and wallowing in the inner chambers like beasts, to which end ample facilities were provided. Even Padre Francisco was to be seen there, to the scandal

of the more respectable of the citizens, who had given him up as beyond redemption.

The good padre was then at Cochín; and Frei Jacinto, who knew him better—knew that in his zeal for reforming sinners Padre Francisco minded not blame or shame as in his zeal for converting heathens he minded not difficulties or dangers however great—and had determined to speak to him without delay about Babasinho's increasing misconduct, was praying for his speedy return. He had posted a man on the landing pier to bring him word as soon as he should arrive, and was not surprised when one evening Padre Francisco entered his room all of a sudden and said to him soothingly: "Be comforted, brother, the young scamp shall never drown himself. He will live many years yet. But see how unwise it is to cling to flesh! Because you wanted me I have come. Now let's get at the root of our trouble—how many thousands have you saved for him, brother?" And he looked with deep commiseration upon the friar's prostrate figure.

Frei Jacinto was about to say something, when the words stuck in his throat. Claspings his hands together he looked at his visitor imploringly, and then pointed to a box.

Guessing his intentions the practical Jesuit took off the key from the friar's girdle, opened his box and removed a casket, which was full of cruzados.

"It is heavy, brother," he said, "and will serve for God's greater glory in the land whither I am sailing in a few months. Now you feel better?"

There will be joy in heaven at your recovery—and resignation. Pray for me, brother!”

So saying Padre Francisco left the uncle and went in search of the nephew. He seemed to know somehow at which gambling den the scamp would be, for he proceeded straight there, without making any inquiries.

“Go on, *illustriissimos*, I don’t intend to play just now,” he said, entering and seating himself at a table littered with playing-cards and dice.

The *illustriissimos*, among whom was Rodrigues Coutinho, stood up and bowed to the priest, and then went on playing, with the exception of Babasinho, who said, though more to himself, “I’ve finished all I had and might as well go and finish myself!”

“Try your luck again, Dom Rodrigo,” suggested Padre Francisco, giving him a cruzado.

The boy clutched at the coin and resumed his seat at the gaming table.

They were playing at dice, and nearly every throw of Babasinho was a win, till in less than an hour the gentlemen had nothing more to lose, and left the house in disgust.

“Your luck’s come back, Dom Rodrigo—shall we two play?” asked Padre Francisco, with a smile.

“Your Reverence won’t be sorry if I win?”

“Sorry?—not I, though this money was destined for my mission to Japan. But I mean to win, young man,” returned the priest, laying the casket of cruzados on the table.

They began with high stakes, but, again, at nearly every toss it was Babasinho that won.

At first Padre Francisco pretended to laugh, then to smile, then to make wry faces. Babasinho could not fail to notice this and said:

"See, Your Reverence is losing every time—shall we not stop? You may take back what I have won—through your cruzado."

"But I mean to win back all you have won from me and others. Don't think you can escape me so easily, Dom Rodrigo!" cried the padre, over whose face a strange light was beginning to play, while the young gambler was turning paler and paler, and would have left the house, had not the priest's concluding words nettled him.

So the play was resumed—with the same result. In the end every cruzado in the casket was gone.

"It's God's doing!" said the padre with a sigh of resignation, though his face was radiant.

"No, the devil's!" cried Babasinho, impelled by a powerful feeling, and seized the arm of the priest, who had risen to his feet. "But I shan't allow the devil to rob a good padre. Take back the money, Reverence, and use it for the mission to Japan; only—only get me my good uncle's pardon."

"You have your good uncle's pardon; but look here, Dom Rodrigo, if I take back this money you will gamble again—*forget me again!*"—replied Padre Francisco looking compassionately into the young man's eyes.

"Never!" cried the boy with determination, placing the casket with the money into the priest's hands.

"I take it then, and God help you to keep your resolution!" said the priest, and left the house as abruptly as he had entered it. And, lo, a strange light played about his head!

Once before Babasinho had witnessed a similar phenomenon, but this time he felt a strong impulse to follow the retreating figure, which impulse, however, he checked, and said instead, "Pray for me, santo padre, pray for me!" And the santo padre must have prayed for him, for never again did the young man touch dice or cards, or cause anxiety to his uncle.

Padre Francisco walked as fast as he could, and so lost in thought was he that though a full moon shone in the heavens he hardly noticed the hungry Caffres who prowled about for prey, but who spared him because they knew he would have nothing worth their taking. After entering the college grounds he suddenly dropped on his knees and, baring his chest, exclaimed, "*Sat est, Domine, sat est!*" ("Enough, O Lord, enough!").

What was enough? His ambition being to convert the whole world to the true faith, or, as he himself used to say, "being unable to keep quiet as long as he knew of any country where the name of Jesus was still unknown," he had regretted the necessity that detained him at Goa. But Dom João de Castro had wanted his help in preparing his soul for eternity. Had not success attended his efforts? In his last days great honours had come to Dom João--his sovereign had sent out a large fleet to congratulate the conqueror of Diu, had

extended his term as Viceroy for another three years, and had made his son Dom Alvaro Admiral of the Indian Seas—but he had turned away from them, wanting only Padre Francisco, till at last he had expired in the priest's arms. That was eight months ago. Since then not a day had passed without the priest's doing some wonderful act. His power seemed to extend even over animals, for on one occasion a vicious horse had yielded to his caresses and allowed himself to be shod. And that very evening had he not purified two beautiful souls? Here now was God giving him daily proofs of His love and every possible satisfaction in the restricted sphere of his labours. And it was this sense of blessings received that had made his bosom glow with divine fire and he had exclaimed, "*Sat est, Domine, sat est!*"

A calm followed this exclamation, and he remained rapt in prayer, till next morning he was aroused by the college authorities, who indeed were not unaccustomed to these devotional trances in their extraordinary Papal Legate.

CHAPTER VI

A SAINT AMONG SINNERS

"All the sins that brought down vengeance from heaven on Sodom and Gomorrha are here daily and hourly practised without any detection or restraint." These words of John Burnell on the now-extinct Portuguese settlement of Bandel in Bengal,

being applicable with equal justice to Old Goa, are no bad opening to this chapter. The words may have been written in a fit of drunkenness, for the author, who was once chief of the English Factory at Lucknow, confesses to having been inordinately fond of palm toddy, but they were prophetic. In 1632 Bandel was completely destroyed, not indeed by fire from heaven but by the guns of Emperor Shah Jahan, who wanted to revenge himself on the insolent Feringhees there for having seized two serving-maids of his favourite queen, the celebrated Mumtaz Mahal. And what is there left now of the once celebrated capital of the Portuguese Indies save a few ruins, every stone of which cries blood?

Foreign visitors to Goa used to be struck at the absence of brothels in the city, until a few days' stay showed that there were many private houses serving the purpose, to the immense relief of the Government, which otherwise would not have known how to feed so many hungry mouths among the soldados. While the fidalgos batted on their *soldos*, *mantimentos*, *ordenados* and *percalços*, the poor soldados, when unable to hire themselves out as cutthroats, begged in the streets or simply starved. Their pay did not begin until a year after their arrival in India, and then it would be oftener than not in arrears. A fresh batch of recruits (mostly jail-birds) brought out in 1548 had so aggravated matters that the men fought like wild dogs over the little morsels of food that the good Viceroy threw them twice a day, while the homeless, hungry, desperate Caffres roamed the city at night, robbing

and killing everyone they met, particularly the soldados set to patrol the streets.

"Every morning there were dead soldiers, plundered houses, and robbed individuals," says Niccolao Manucci, the Venetian traveller and author of *Storia do Mogor*; and it seemed to him that Goa was "dominated by some disquieting planet, or by demons who threw it into confusion, filling it with murder, disunion, and oppression." Signor Manucci himself, soon after his arrival there, was robbed in broad daylight, by a man who may have been a common desperado though he called himself a fidalgo, and who came to his house accompanied by four Caffres with heavy sticks. The signor was given to understand that his visitor was altogether a great man and had been lord of many plantations. To pass his time he had gambled, but fortune had not favoured him and he had lost everything. The rich signor could easily give or lend the small amount he wanted. "I am in a hurry," added the great man seriously, "for His Excellency the Viceroy will be waiting dinner for me." When the Venetian tried to excuse himself on the score of his being a poor medico, "These arguments will not do!" exclaimed the great man raising his voice, and the Caffres at the same time raised their sticks, upon which the Venetian gave up all he had. Besides the obvious one, this ex-lord of many plantations may have had other reasons for making use of the Viceroy's name, for "the Viceroys," we are told, "kept not the law, but everything else they could lay their hands on;" and the saying

ran that in the first year of their office they learnt their duties, in the second they filled their purses, and in the third they visited the various strongholds to receive presents from their commandants.

Signor Manucci tells another story that also throws light upon *Goa Dourada* in her golden days and is, besides, too interesting to be passed over in silence. One day when he was at the Lord Archbishop's palace there came a poor Kanarim woman crying frantically because a soldier had just then carried off her maiden daughter, and praying that she might be rescued before being deflowered. Her message was carried in by a domestic, who soon reappeared with the answer that, if she submitted her grievance in writing, the Lord Archbishop would look into it. The poor woman put her hands to her head and went away wailing.—“I was amazed to see such inattention!” exclaims the Venetian, at which one cannot but be amazed, considering the painful experience he himself had passed through.

If the shops were not closed at sundown they would be plundered. Indeed the banias (grocers) never kept theirs open even in daytime. After receiving the money the required article was passed through a hole in the door and by means of a large wooden ladle. The bania never dared to put his hand out lest it should be cut off by some vindictive customer or wanton mischief-maker.

Fortunately the ladies of Goa, who were both rich and generous, gave food as well as pleasure to a good many of the unfortunate soldiers. If the lords happened to grumble, there was the *dutró* growing

wild everywhere in the country to keep them quiet. As a rule their lordships, being equally indiscriminate in their amours, sought consolation in the arms of their numerous concubines.

Profligacy, in truth, was the reigning vice of the new settlers at Goa, cases of incest being quite common. The Italian nobleman Pietro della Valle, on his landing there, was made to separate himself from his adopted daughter Mariam Tinatim, and he had to keep her at the house of one Senhõra Lena da Cunha, while he himself put up at another. "And this was done," he explains, "because the Portuguese, who in the matter of government look with great diligence upon the least motes, without making much reckoning afterwards of great beams, held it inconvenient for the said Mariam Tinatim to live with me in the same house, although she had been brought up always in our house from a very little child and as our own daughter. For being themselves very unrestrained (not sparing their nearest kindred, nor, as I have heard, their own sisters, much less foster-children in their house) they conceive that all other nations are like themselves."

We have seen Padre Francisco at a gambling-house but never yet at the house of any rake or adulteress, though he visits both. As a rule he makes people invite him to a dinner on the plea that he longs to taste something nice after his long fast. There now he's entering the house of Corporal Casanova, whose illegitimate child was christened yesterday by him. Perhaps he's come

for *parabens* and a cup of *fenim*, a country liquor so hot that no European can stand it; but this padre can stand anything. He's a dare-devil and a merry-andrew rolled into one, and to please his friends will do anything, grave or gay. The other day he was seen dancing the Basque dance like any nautch-girl for the entertainment of little children. Let's follow him and see what he does now.

"*Parabens*, my good friend! Is this the new lamb in Christ's fold? The first one of your house? No—the second. May I see the first one? Oh, here she is! See, how gladly she comes to my arms! What joy did Our dear Lord not take in little children! The mother must be as pretty? Any objection to my seeing her? None—thanks. I remember meeting her once or twice at confession, but forget how she looks—so many people come to me for confession. What's your name, *menina*?*—Angelina? Indeed you do look like a little angel. And here's the little angel's mother! *Parabens*, *senhõra*! Sit down, please. Make her sit down, friend. Ah, that's right, *senhõra*; a wife should obey her husband. From what village hail you, *senhõra*? Taleigão? where the best of chillies are grown? Very industrious—the folk of Taleigão; and the girls always full of bloom in their cheeks, and make excellent housewives too. No wonder the *senhõra* is as fair as any maid of Andalusia. 'There goes the pretty wife of our gallant Corporal Casanova!' people will say when they see you going

* Lassie

to church in a palanquin. Won't that delight the gallant corporal! It will, of course. By the bye, I have been thinking of requesting you to let me have the honour of performing your marriage ceremony. Not yet? But I am sailing away for Japan shortly, as you may have heard. So we'll have it some day next month. Yes, yes, to oblige me, of course. I'm so glad! See, *senhõra*, what an amiable husband you'll have. And I have killed two birds with one stone—ha! ha! ha! Thank you, not now, but at your wedding I'll drink as much as you may want me to. I'm going to the hospital and must keep myself steady for the delicate work to be done there. Adeus, *senhõra*! Adeus, Corporal! Adeus, little angel!"

He's off—always in a hurry. What a strange character! Now with that shabby, patched cassock of his no one would take him for the Papal Legate, having authority even over the great Archbishop of Goa, whom indeed he had confounded on his arrival eight years ago by taking up his quarters at the pauper hospital, though now he lives at Saint Paul's College. Come quick, he's entering the hospital. There he's talking to that cutthroat Caetan Fernandes, whose body is full of sword cuts, and who would have died but for the saintly priest. No doubt everybody would have exulted over his death, for he is one of Ferrão's men.

"Go away, please; you have come to kill me."

"I have come to save you, and you say I have come to kill you. Is not that hard on me, Caetan?"

"You hurt me. I won't allow anyone to touch this wound."

"It is precisely this wound that will be the death of you, my son, if you do not allow me to dress it. See how swollen it is!"

"You'll press it, and I can't bear the pain."

"Is that all? I'll suck it then—will you be satisfied?"

"It won't pain me?"

"Have I not done so before this? Did it pain you then?"

"Why are you so kind when everyone else hates me? 'He's not Caetan but Satan,' they say; and 'accursed Kanarim,' Dr. Orta calls me to my face, as if the Feringhees were any better. I have seen the Feringhees do deeds from which the Kanarins would have shrunk in horror. And does he not himself keep girls? I shall go mad!"

"Mind not what men say or do so long as God love you."

"God hates me, I'm sure."

"If God hated you would He have allowed me to save your life, Caetan? God loves you."

"Why should God love a wretch like me?"

"Because He hopes to make you good."

"Can I ever hope to be good, Father?"

"Why, you're good already, my son Ah, see now—have I hurt you? No. Once again then...."

We had better get away. One feels giddy at the sight, edifying though it be. Caetan will most probably give up his wicked ways, and Padre Francisco in trying to save the man's life will have saved his

soul also. It is a pity his labours among the fidalgos are not being crowned with equal success, but the fidalgos are such hardened sinners. We shall see the good padre again in the course of the evening, when he will pass by this road at the head of a procession of children and slaves....

“*Kning kning kning—kning kning kning.*”

He’s coming, the santo padre is coming. That’s his little bell—

“Padre nosso, que estais nos céos.
Santificado seja o vosso nome——”

and that the *Our Father* the children are singing, to music composed by the santo padre himself. We need not move out; he will stop opposite our house. Look at that beautiful little girl in the goldsmith’s shop—how she’s straining her eyes and ears! Her lips too are moving; she must be humming the *Padre Nosso*, as many a Hindu child does. Here he comes:—

“Good Christians, send your children
and slaves to learn catechism.”

Why, he has entered the goldsmith’s shop and is speaking to the girl....has taken her hands into his....and kissed them!....He’s off now! What a ragged crowd follows him! Most of them, being new converts, hardly understand what they sing. But little by little they will, and then both the words and the music will sink deep into their hearts and abide there through life.

The padre is going now to the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, where he will preach one of those scathing sermons of his which have made him so obnoxious to the Portuguese, who, he says, think it "an insult and an injury to them if any one dares to open his mouth while they are trampling on rights of all kinds." This does not distress him—no one can try to reform society without becoming obnoxious, he knows—at least not so much as the rivalries and jealousies among the priesthood. When the Dominicans came to Goa they brought the skull of one of the 11,000 Virgins who, along with Saint Ursula, had been martyred by the Huns of Cologne. The sacred relic, which had proved its authenticity by working a miracle on the voyage, was conveyed to its shrine in solemn procession, but the secular clergy had kept away from it. And in his own Society harmony does not reign. Father Antonio Gomes, the Rector of Saint Paul's, is an arrogant Portuguese, utterly unfit to deal with Indian youth, for whose benefit the college has been established and is being maintained with the revenues of the demolished pagodas. Unable to stand the Rector's over-rigorous treatment the bulk of the students had left the college, while the more rebellious had one dark night cut down the palm-trees in its compound and been turned away by the Rector, who had filled their places with Portuguese lads. For once his nationality seems to have come in the way of Padre Francisco, for the Viceroy and the fidalgos would not allow him to put matters right; and the proud Portuguese

Rector only became "the subject of many an earnest prayer" on the part of the humble Spanish priest. Eventually, however, Father Gomes was dismissed from the Society for not being sufficiently grounded in humility, and, on the return voyage to Europe, he lost his life in a shipwreck.

Had Padre Francisco lived a few decades more he would have had much greater cause for anxiety over the religious Orders of Goa, though not so much over his own, for the Jesuits, whatever else they may have done, do not appear to have fought among themselves. The Orders were not only against one another but every Order, excepting the Jesuits, was split up into factions, which failed not to engage in fights if they met in the streets. No friar ventured out without having a firearm or cutlass hid in his gown. One day the Augustinians threw out of the window their own prior, who died subsequently from the injuries received; another day the Carmelites followed suit; and the Dominicans on one occasion made such disturbances that the Viceroy had to order out some pieces of artillery and threaten to knock down their convent. His Excellency's letters to the King are full of bitter complaints against the religious of Goa and pathetic appeals for royal instructions for dealing with them.

So, having in view all these facts—fidalgos riding or strutting about the city and Kanarins and Caffres on all sides bowing to them; some soldados gallivanting with grinning negresses and others molesting Kanarim women; drugged men behaving like maniacs and their wives meanwhile enjoying

themselves with their paramours in the same houses; some friars fighting among themselves in the streets and others pitching their prior out of the convent window; hired negroes firing at people in the church; banias howling with pain because their hands have been unexpectedly cut off and new Christians because they are being tortured in the Inquisition dungeons, and all the while from his palace the great Viceroy of the East Indies looking on at the tragi-comedy with folded arms and a sardonic grin—we can form some idea of what *Golden Goa* was like in her most glorious days!

CHAPTER VII

PADRE FRANCISCO XAVIER DIES ON A LONELY ISLAND

On the morning of 2nd December, 1552, there was unusual excitement at Goa. From all parts of the city people were hastening towards the house of Krishnarao, the wealthy goldsmith, who lived with his orphan daughter Tulsibai and a host of dependent relatives at the junction of the Rua Direita with the Rua de San Paulo. Tulsibai's name was on everyone's lips. Besides her own extraordinary beauty and precociousness, what made this child of ten an object of interest to the people was the fact that Padre Francisco bore a singular affection to her, though the daughter of one of the Sanscrit scholars whom he used to denounce as agents of the devil. If on his way to the Church

of our Lady of the Rosary, where every evening he went with a procession of children, the girl did not happen to appear to receive his blessing, Padre Francisco would halt before her house and call her out, and, taking her little hands into his, address her in the most endearing terms. The child had often been taken after the procession and had at an early age learnt the Christian prayers, which she would hum to herself all day.

This intimate relationship between Padre Francisco and the goldsmith's child was indeed the talk of every household in the city. And now some folk said that the child was dying; others were positive that she was dead; others, again, were no less positive that she had died and miraculously come back to life, and was seeing strange visions and saying strange things about Padre Francisco.

This is what really had happened and was happening. For a fortnight Tulsibai had not been quite herself. She imagined she saw Padre Francisco lying sick on a vessel in the harbour and calling on her to help him. That morning she was behaving like one distraught. "Did not Padre Mestre pass through our house just now?" she asked suddenly. "'Tulsi, my little beauty, my little angel!' I heard him say."—When answered in the negative she fainted. On coming to herself she wanted a Christian doctor to be sent for; and when he arrived she cried in great anxiety: "Please, doctor, run to Padre Mestre. He's lying sick on that ship and cannot stand its motion. Remove him at once, or he will die.... Wait, wait, doctor.... He's

going ashore, with a bundle of clothes under his arm....He's lying in a hut there, holding a crucifix.... Why are they bleeding him when he has barely any blood? They'll kill him! I could save him, but I cannot move....My God, he has fainted!" And she herself fell into a semi-conscious state and closed her eyes, but incoherent words and phrases escaped her at intervals.

It was past noon when she opened her eyes and muttered: "He called me and Dom Rodrigo just now. 'Come, let's play, my little beauty; come, Babasinho,' he said....He called to his mother also and spoke as if he were a boy....He's praying now—let me listen!.... 'Have mercy on me, O Lord, for I am weak. I have laboured in my groanings. I will water my couch with my tears. The Lord hath heard my supplication.'*" That's what he said....A great many angels are hovering above him....one of them holds a crown of lilies....and wants me to place it on Padre Mestre's head. Let me go, let me go!" And she made a violent effort to rise from the bed, but fell back unconscious.

It was two o'clock then in the afternoon of the 2nd of December, 1552, precisely the day and the hour when Padre Francisco breathed his last in far-off Sancian (Saint John's Island), near the mouth of the river Canton. The air of the city, always more or less muggy, had become terribly depressing, and the crowds round the goldsmith's house, unable to keep close together, dispersed in great hurry.

* These indeed were the last words of the Saint,

The family watched and prayed by Tulsibai, who was lying in the lap of her favourite aunt, her mother's sister. They were in great alarm, not knowing what to make of this sudden illness, and hour after hour had gone past without any improvement, though the doctor now assured them that the child had fallen asleep, as indeed she had. After two hours she opened her eyes and said: "Auntie, what a blessed dream I have had! I stood by heaven's gate, begging Saint Peter to let me in. 'Your time is not yet come, dear child, but you may peep in,' he answered, smiling and opening the gate a little. And I peeped in and saw Padre Mestre by a radiant throne, and one after another the saints came and embraced him. I too managed to embrace him, auntie, I don't know how. He must have died and gone up to heaven."

"And you come down to earth! Thank God, thank God! What should I have done here without my rani?" sighed the poor aunt. She was a childless widow, and Tulsibai was all the world to her.

Hearing their talk the grandmother also, who, broken in body and mind, had lain disconsolate on the floor by them, now raised herself up and with hands joined gave thanks to God.

In the Rua de San Paulo there was then living a rich Portuguese widow, by name Dona Catalina de Chaves, whose house also was being besieged that day by visitors, of her own rank. She had been a great sinner till her conversion by Padre Francisco. When the padre, before sailing for China, had gone to take leave of her and said that they would not

meet again in life she had wept so bitterly that, to comfort her, he had promised to appear to her before she died. He had appeared to her in a dream overnight, lying sick and uncared for in a wretched hut, and she was in great trouble over it and fancied that her own end was near. Some Fathers of Saint Paul's College were sent for, but they could not help her in any way, being themselves full of anxiety though still trusting that God would not take away prematurely a servant who was working so well for His greater glory on earth. Then Frei Jacinto had called at the house. Padre Francisco had often spoken to him of Dona Catalina's piety, and one day as they sat talking about her Frei Jacinto had thought to himself that he would like to be by her deathbed—if she died before him, which did not seem unlikely as the lady was then eighty years old.—“No, brother,” Padre Francisco had answered, reading the friar's thought, “you will die before her though not before another ten years.” (Dona Catalina actually survived Frei Jacinto by some months, the Saint having, to her great joy, duly appeared to her before she died). But the very thought of Padre Francisco's death was an agony to the old lady and she remained disconsolate. Indeed nearly everyone in the city was disconsolate, more or less, and behaved as if the padre were already dead. Even his enemies—for he had many, among the government officials—were expressing concern.

In connection with the occurrences of this day the case of Caetan Fernandes, another of Padre

Francisco's penitents, also deserves particular mention. Caetan had been made sacristan of Saint Paul's Church, and as such had many a wonderful anecdote to tell of his benefactor. When, however, he began to assert with all seriousness that sometimes Padre Francisco, when elevating the host, remained poised in the air people laughed at him, till time turned the laugh against them. As a result of this, instead of being hated as before, he came to be esteemed by everybody. But by none more than by Tulsibai, who, at the priest's suggestion, had taught him catechism, which he had forgotten completely, and had rejoiced at his reformation. He used to go to her house every day at the hour when she read out Bible stories to the family, always carrying in his pocket grasshoppers for her birds and sometimes also a young bul'oul or myna. (Of these birds there were so many in her compound that it was difficult to distinguish the tame ones from the wild, both of them approaching her without fear). Alas, these happy days poor Caetan was not destined to enjoy for more than a few months. He had long been in failing health, and, the sad plight of his little friend perhaps proving too much for him, next morning while serving at Mass he dropped down dead. His funeral must have been a pompous affair, for Frei Jacinto's diary records that it was attended by many priests, monks, and state functionaries.

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CHAPTER VIII

THE BODY OF PADRE FRANCISCO XAVIER IS BROUGHT TO GOA

After making the Viceroy appoint an embassy to the Chinese Court—an embassy that he himself was to join at Malacca—Padre Francisco had left Goa (April 15, 1552) in hopes of winning China to Christ as easily as he had won Japan. But “the devil”—he had been forced to write afterwards, when difficulties came in his way—“had an unspeakable dread of the Society of Jesus entering China,” and to prevent that calamity had, it would seem, selected as his agent the godless Governor of Malacca, Dom Alvaro de Athaide, who inherited in full the savage temper of his father Dom Vasco da Gama, without any of his good qualities.

All this Padre Francisco had discovered to his dismay when he reached that city. Disregarding the Viceroy’s letters and laughing at the Papal Legate’s threats of excommunication Dom Alvaro had seized without ceremony the ambassador-elect’s private vessel, the *Santa Cruz*, and the goods therein, worth thirty thousand ducats and including costly presents intended for His Celestial Majesty. Diogo Pereira, the ambassador-elect, was a merchant and may have viewed the whole affair of the proposed embassy in the light of a commercial venture, but he had been less grieved over his own pecuniary loss than over the disappointment of Padre Francisco, whose true friend he was and in whose proselytizing ambitions he had fully sympathized. Pereira’s

only fault appears to have been that he had once refused to lend money to the Governor; but, as predicted by Padre Francisco, he lived to receive ample compensation for all that he suffered on this occasion.

Replacing the crew with his own men Dom Alvaro had sent the *Santa Cruz* to China to trade on his own account. Padre Francisco had been allowed to go in it, without any embassy; but the crew had received secret instructions not to help him in any way. So, when he lay sick and dying at Sancian of a slow fever contracted in the pestilential holds of ships, they had abandoned him to his fate. In consequence of this the poor priest had died in great misery (December 2, 1552) and—it is not easy to proceed with this account as we recall his sufferings—had been quietly buried in the presence of only four persons—the *Santa Cruz* pilot who was a personal friend, the Chinese interpreter he had brought from Goa, and the two mulattoes who had borne the coffin.

And there, in his lonely grave on that lonely island, he had lain until February 17, 1553; when the authorities having decided to remove him, and ordered the grave to be opened, the body—wonder of wonders!—had been found incorrupt and exhaling a fragrance unlike anything terrestrial. And great fear had come upon the men, for they were the same that had left the Saint to die uncared for, and afterwards had written and told their employer, Dom Alvaro de Athaide, that “Mestre Francisco had died without doing any miracle!” In March

the body had been taken to Malacca and buried with great ceremony but in the common graveyard, for fear of offending the Governor, who with a number of other officials had actually jeered at the crowds following the body in its passage through the city.

Now, after a year, the Saint's body was again disinterred and brought to Goa, where the vessel conveying it reached late on the evening of April 15. The news spread like wildfire through the city and for the time being everyone forgot his own private affairs. What with the reports of the miracles wrought by the priest in life and now of one wrought in death—the plague that was raging at Malacca had ceased on the arrival of his body there—and the miraculous body itself, the devotional frenzy of the people burst all bounds. From every side they were running to have a look at the vessel, which lay two miles away from the capital. The more enthusiastic swam across from the nearest riverside simply to have the satisfaction of touching the vessel.

The officials of Goa did not disgrace themselves like those of Malacca, though Padre Francisco had been at loggerheads with many of them. Officials and non-officials, Christians and non-Christians—all united to do honour to the remains of the great thaumaturgist. Diogo Pereira and three hundred of the principal citizens, in eighteen barks and with lighted tapers in hand, escorted the remains to the capital, where, at the landing place, stood waiting the Viceroy with his Court, the Envoys of the Indian potentates, the Senators, and the flower of the Portuguese nobility.

On its arrival the body was taken in procession to its resting-place in the College of Saint Paul, the route all along being hung with tapestry and silk. First went hundreds of the city children in white, with chaplets on their heads and palms in their hands. Next went the Brotherhood of the Santa Casa de Misericordia with their splendid banner, and after them a long array of priests and monks. Then appeared the Saint's body, covered with a cloth of gold and borne by the Fathers of Saint Paul (as the Jesuits were called) under a rich canopy. Immediately behind walked the Viceroy with his brilliant retinue and the no less brilliant fidalguia. Last of all followed the people, in the most excited and disorderly manner imaginable, for many of them would break from the procession and prostrate themselves before the body in hopes of securing some grace.

This procession differed in many respects from that on the occasion of Dom João de Castro's triumphal entry in 1547. Instead of the roaring of cannon that had greeted the victor of Diu there rose loud lamentations of the multitude on all sides, and instead of the barbaric sight of captives clanking chains there was now the wonderful spectacle of the sick all along the procession rising cured and glorifying God. For the people brought out their sick and laid them by the roadsides, and many were restored to health as the relics passed. Even such as could not leave their beds recovered, simply by invoking the Saint's name.

Arrived at the College of Saint Paul the body

was set down in its church, near the high altar, and a solemn Mass sung to vocal and instrumental music, though it was Good Friday. For three days the body lay exposed for public veneration and was visited by thousands of pilgrims from the country around, and each day fresh miracles occurred.

For over a century and a quarter expositions were held regularly once a year, on the Saint's feast-day. After that they appear to have taken place at long and irregular intervals, probably because the body showed signs of decay or because it was being damaged by over-ardent devotees: once a German lady, named Isabel de Carom, bit off one of the toes. There is no record, however, of the dates of these expositions before 1782; but since then there have been only six—in 1859, 1878, 1890, 1910, 1922 and 1931—not one of which has passed off without miracles.

In 1624, on receiving news of the Saint's canonization and amidst great public rejoicings, the body was removed to the more imposing Church of Bom Jesus, where it has since lain—enshrined in a magnificent tomb, the gift of the Grand Duke Ferdinand II of Tuscany.

The Saint's feast-day is kept up on the 3rd of December, when the deserted city again hums with human voices. Apart from this feast Saint Xavier is not much in evidence in the land of his labours, most of the churches and chapels in it being dedicated to the Mother of God or to Saint Anthony, the patron saint of Portugal. Among Goans outside Goa, there are the redoubtable "Knights of Saint

Xavier," who, in the words of their founder, "symbolize the great Catholic action in mobilizing the real Catholic spirit;" and the knights of the needle have chosen the Apostle of the Indies for their patron saint, and with the aid of the knights of the fiddle and many crackers celebrate his feast on a grand scale.

This much for the Saint himself. As to the persons who affected his career, Dom Alvaro de Athaide, after the Saint's death, fell into disgrace, and finally succumbed to a loathsome disease. The Portuguese in the East are said to have once been proverbial for their discipline, which is hard to believe, in view of the flagrant records to the contrary that we have. At all events the Portuguese of the time dealt with here—whether *fidalgos* or *soldados*—were notorious for insubordination. At Malacca in particular they were at perpetual strife among themselves. Whatever his apologists may have to say, Dom Alvaro, it is to be feared, was as bad as any other *fidalgo* of those days and amply deserved his fate. Diogo Pereira, on the other hand, received many favours from his sovereign: he was appointed Governor of Macao, while one brother-in-law of his was sent as ambassador to the Chinese Court and another obtained in marriage Prince Abdullah's daughter, whose conversion to Christianity had taken place under romantic circumstances. Prince Abdullah was then living at Goa, the Portuguese having proclaimed him Sultan of Bijapur and begun to collect revenues in his name.

CHAPTER IX

CAMOENS IN GOA

Within a year of the death of the great saint Francis Xavier there had come to Goa the great poet Luis de Camoens, not indeed of his own free will but driven thither by hard Fortune. Yet no greater blessing ever came to man in the guise of a misfortune, for it was during this forced exile that he composed the immortal *Lusiad* and most of his best lyrics. In the opinion of the greatest of their own critics (Dr. Theophilo Braga), the *Lusiad* of Camoens and the *Colloquios* of Dr. Garcia da Orta must be classed together as the supreme expressions of Portuguese genius, in literature and science respectively; and, such being the case, it is worthy of note that both these works should have been written at Goa and the latter also printed there (1563), being the third book in Roman characters printed in India, the first having been a *Catecismo* by Saint Xavier (1557) and the second a *Compendio Espiritual* by the Archbishop of Goa (1561). It is equally worthy of note that during her short-lived prosperity this city, now a scene of desolation, should have been the abode of so many of the world's great men—Vasco da Gama, Affonso de Albuquerque, Fernão de Magalhaens (Magellan), Dom João de Castro, Saint Francis Xavier, Luis de Camoens.

The fidalgos of Goa were true sons of the Renaissance and duly honoured Camoens, a circumstance unusual enough, since genius seldom receives

immediate recognition. Some friends had even staged his comedy *Filodemo* on the occasion of the Viceroy's assumption of office. Why, following the poet's example, the younger fidalgos had begun to court the Muses, and Goa, for once in the course of her long and inglorious history, became like a nest of nightingales.

His most ardent admirer and persistent imitator was Babasinho, who could do or say nothing without trying to be poetical, though it was the poet's misfortunes, rather than his genius, that had first drawn the young man to him. What, in his turn, had captivated the poet was Babasinho's beauty of person and charm of manner. And so the two had ended in becoming close friends and companions, in war as well as in peace. Already in more than one expedition they had fought side by side. Babasinho called Camoens *tio* (uncle), unless he wished to be particularly deferential, when he would say *mestre* (master), because in those days it was customary to apply this title to a man eminent in his profession. Camoens called Babasinho *rapaz* (boy), a form of address that the young man resented if used by anyone besides his uncle or the poet, for he was twenty-two years old. Nor was there sufficient justification for the young man's calling Camoens *tio*, as the difference between their ages was no more than eight years. And this anomaly can be explained only by the peculiar feelings with which the two regarded each other. Babasinho is now on his daily visit to the poet, and they have been discussing poetry.

"But a love poem or song is as difficult to write as a hymn, I tell you. Try to write an epic on the siege of Diu, rapaz. You played a part in it and ought to succeed. Anyway you will find it easier."

"I do try, tio, but your—

'As Armas e os Barões assinalados
Que da occidental praia lusitana,
Por mares nunca d'antes navegados,
Passaram ainda além da Taprobana....'

constantly intercept the train of my ideas."

"But you cannot write love poems without first falling in love, rapaz—at least nothing worthy the name," insists Camoens

"Then how do you manage it, tio?"

"Never managed it yet. See here what I'm writing and judge for yourself:—

'Aquella captiva
Que me tem captivo,
Porque nella vivo,
Já não quer que viva.
Eu nunca vi rosa
Em suaves mólhos
Que para meus olhos
Fosse mais formosa.

Nem no campo flores
Nem no céu estrelas
Me parecem bellas
Como os meus amores.
Rosto singular,
Olhos socegados,

Pretos e cansados,
Mas não de matar...'

More is to follow."

"Never before in my life did I read a love lyric so lovely!" exclaims the ardent admirer.

"It is lovely because I fell in love first. Do you think I am joking? No, never was more serious, I assure you, rapaz. Haven't you guessed who the subject of the verses is?"

"You don't mean Dona Barbara, tio?" suggests Babasinho, hesitatingly.

"Why shouldn't I mean? Isn't she beautiful enough? And love takes no count of other things than beauty," answers Camoens, almost in an offended tone, but adds immediately: "Perhaps you haven't seen the girl properly—let me call her. 'Barbara! Barbara! here's my young friend Dom Rodrigo wants to see you; come for a minute, my giri'....She won't come—too shy! Wait, rapaz, I'll bring her....See now!" laughs the lover, almost dragging Barbara into Babasinho's presence. "See, isn't she worthy of my praises?....What a shy thing you are, Barbara!....Well then go, carissima!" he says at last, releasing her.

Camoens, in trying to introduce Barbara to Babasinho, had been doing quite an unusual thing, for it must be remembered that the women whom the soldiers of Albuquerque married after the seizure of Goa had observed purdah, having been the wives or daughters of the Moorish officers who had fled or had been put to the sword; and though most of them were now dead the Portuguese continued to

keep their women in strict seclusion. In the case of Barbara, however, the rule was so far relaxed that gradually she came to stand to Babasinho on the footing of a sister.

"Surely, tio," cries out the would-be poet, after Barbara has retired to her room, "she's more captivating than any captive I ever came across—unless it be the *Hebrew Witch*!"

"And who is she, pray, my good friend?" inquires Camoens sneeringly.

"Inez, Dom Jayme's favourite concubine."

"Think you really she's so fascinating as my Barbara?"

"She is, tio, and that is why some of the servants call her also *serpent* and say their master never before was so infatuated with a woman."

"I won't believe it, rapaz. There's only one woman comparable with my Barbara, and of her I cannot think without tears!" says Camoens with a sigh.

Knowing well what woman Camoens refers to and hoping to divert the poet's thoughts from her, Babasinho says with a smile: "I wonder, tio, what you'll think of my—captor?"

"Your captor! your captor!" gasps Camoens in surprise. "Then you too are a captive? And all this time I took you for an innocent! That accounts for your eagerness to compose love poems, you scamp! And is your captor as charming as my captive, eh?"

"Yes, and if you help me to a rhyme to her name, mestre, I might write a lyric as lovely!"

"What's her name?"

"Tulsi, but people call her Tulsibai, *bai*, among Hindus, being added to a name out of esteem or respect. The tulsi (*ocymum sanctum* or the holy basil) is the most sacred of all plants to Hindus, and ought to be to all Christians also, since it is said to have grown on Christ's grave."

"Truly?"

"Yes, tio, and Greek Christians do hold it sacred."

"Who told you that?"

"Padre-tio."

"Your padre-tio certainly knows more than I do, rapaz, though his learning is the least thing in him. I wonder if you will turn out as good as he?"

"I'm afraid not. He says I have taken after my father, who was the black sheep of the family, and when sent to marry a rich heiress in Spain brought away a farmer's daughter as his bride. But let's come back to India and Tulsi, tio. Some Hindus believe the tulsi to be an incarnation of Sita, or of Krishna's wife Rukmini, whose son is sometimes represented as the god of love; others say the tulsi is the embodiment of all the deities together. Every Hindu family celebrates annually the marriage of the tulsi with the idol of the youthful Krishna, the most delightful of gods. When this ceremony is held by the whole village thousands of pardaos are spent on the festivities. The plant is grown on a pedestal of mud or rough masonry in front of their dwellings and worshipped every morning. In the smaller villages only one tulsi for all the inhabitants will be found, planted in a central place. Its leaves

cure many ailments and snake-bite; and this perhaps is the original cause of the homage paid to it. But what I wished to ask, tio, was—could I make *Ai* rhyme with *Tulsibai*?”

“Perfectly, if you want to be hysterical and not poetical. But I am surprised at you, rapaz, though I know that love is blind.—You’ll buy the girl?”

“*Buy the girl?* Her father is rich enough to *buy me!* No, I’ll marry her, when she has grown up. She’s only twelve now.”

“How, if she’s a Hindu?”

“She’ll become a Christian, tio. She’s as good as one already, and knows the Bible better than I do.”

“Then after marriage you could look upon yourself as a god?”

“I am serious, tio.”

“So am I, rapaz, and might follow your example, for who would not like to be a god—and the most delightful one too?”

The young man cannot help resenting this and says with some asperity:

“You are mocking at me, mestre!”

“Far from it, my son, far from it; I am admiring your largeness of heart and your greatness of mind,” cries Camoens, changing his tone from gay to grave, and continues fervently: “*Tulsi, Tulsi*—what a sweet name! Ah, I seem to smell its sweetness. Grew on Our Lord’s grave too. You’ll be a happy husband, rapaz. Does she know our language?”

“Almost as well as her own. Her intelligence is the most extraordinary thing in her. I could never

before have believed a child of twelve to be capable of knowing so much as she does. And the legends of Rama and Sita and other Hindu heroes and heroines she tells are so interesting that I could sit all day listening to them. They are certainly more edifying than ours, which also she knows. She's a wonderful child, tio—a prodigy, in fact!"

"They *always* are. I too had thought the same of poor Catharina, till I lost an eye. Don't get frightened! *You* obviously are more fortunate in your Tulsi though she may not be so lovely as my Catharina or Barbara."

"You would change your opinion if you saw her. You must see her, tio."

"I will, I will, rapaz, with great pleasure. I had heard of her beauty and intelligence but did not know she was *your* inamorata."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow."

"By the way, tio, would you allow me to bring two young friends of mine to be introduced to you?——"

"Your friends are my friends—why ask?"

"Because they are Dom Jayme's sons," answers Babasinho timidly.

"Dom Jayme's whelps, you mean? They are like wild dogs, I hear."

"Not to my friends, tio, and they are keen on kissing your hand."

"Why?"

"They fancy it will give them inspiration. And they will ask your opinion on some doggerel verses

they have written on their dog. Say they are excellent, tio, and they will be your slaves for ever."

"Indeed! but are you sure they won't bite me?"

"Not if I forbid them. My word is law to them."

"Avoid Dom Jayme's house, rapaz. Somehow I feel you will come to harm if you don't," says the poet, looking very grave.

"I can't, tio, so long as Dona Clara is alive. She saved my life once and is always kind to me."

"Well, let the little whelps come."

"Thank you, tio. Adeus!"

"Adeus, rapaz!....How the youth has wound himself round my heart! He and his uncle are perhaps the only two pure souls in this city of perdition," sighs Camoens, after Babasinho has taken his leave.

Though situated in the Rua de San Paulo, where the fidalguia resided, the house of Camoens was a small one. It could not well be otherwise as he received only a common soldier's pay, having been banished from his country to expiate the offence of having wounded a man in a street brawl, though such an offence was then very common all over Europe, and in Portugal was committed with impunity by most people. But every day the poet received presents of poultry, piglings, pickled pork, pickled fish, pastries and sweetmeats, so that neither his larder nor his pantry was ever empty. One friend, sympathizing with the poet's aversion to liaisons with married women—liaisons that then formed so ugly a feature of Portuguese society in India—even presented him with a very fascinating

girl who had caught his fancy. Barbara was a native of Pondá, a place on the mainland of Goa noted for the beauty of its daughters, who even at the present day are in great demand among the more amorous of Indian princes.

Posterity ought to be grateful to this friend of Camoens, for he was the indirect means of giving it one of the most beautiful poems in the world. And that Camoens's poem on Barbara (which has been translated into one hundred and twenty languages, though not well enough in English) is such no one able to read it in the original can doubt. Nor should we wonder it is so or at the poet's falling in love with a slave-girl, since she was beautiful to an extraordinary degree; and "Love takes no count of other things than beauty," as the poet himself said, or "Sweetmeats are good, whatever shop they come from," as the great Moghul Emperor Shah Jahan told his courtiers when they grumbled at his keeping a low-caste girl in the imperial seraglio. Nor, again and considering the hard conditions of their exile, should we wonder that the fidalgos (most of whom were unmarried) had recourse to such relaxation. Besides, they were only following the example set by the great Albuquerque himself. Even the aged Dr. Orta had his intelligent maid-servant Antonia—ostensibly for looking after his books and plants. Why didn't the fidalgos marry? you will ask. But whom were they to marry? The *mestiças* were all daughters of the common soldiers by native women; and no European girls dared to come out to India, the voyage

being both long and perilous: Dona Clara had been the only exception. Even when, a generation later, the custom of bringing out batches of girls from the royal orphanage in Lisbon was introduced, the fidalgos were hardly benefited, because these unfortunate orphans, being suspected of having a past, were deemed fit only for men as unfortunate as themselves. These fellows, depraved or incompetent or both as they were, married anyone in return for a government appointment—with what detriment to public administration is too well known to need recounting here.

So, remembering that all his wants were regularly supplied, that he was highly honoured by his fellow countrymen, and had, moreover, a most charming companion to console him for the absence of Catharina, we may well discredit the stories that Camoens's sojourn in the East was unhappy throughout. There is no doubt that the writers on the subject, from a desire to give a dramatic cast to every phase of his career, have grossly exaggerated the poet's misfortunes and misrepresented the characters of the distinguished men with whom those misfortunes brought him into contact. Of course, all his life he remained poor; but the lot of any Portuguese who made a prolonged stay in the colonies was invariably lamentable, and our poet's stay lasted no less than sixteen years. "All my life," writes Diogo de Couto, author of *Decadas* and for thirty years keeper of the state archives at Goa, "I have heard it said and have learnt by experience that if a man live long enough in India he will not

escape poverty or disgrace." (Like Gaspar Correa, the other historian that also had spent almost the whole of his life in the East, Couto felt and wrote strongly about the evils that afflicted public administration, but, unlike him, escaped by some miracle both poverty and disgrace, though not the misfortune of losing his only daughter and child in her teens).

CHAPTER X

TULSIBAI

Every morning Babasinho made it a point to call on his uncle at the great Dominican Convent, which had been under construction since 1550 but of which so far only the ground floor had been completed. He would often be accompanied by Camoens, and so the two had become familiar figures in the streets of Goa and objects of great deference with the passers-by. There they are now riding together.

"We are going to see little Tulsi, padre-tio," said Babasinho on meeting Frei Jacinto, who was attending to the muster roll of the workmen.

"Little Tulsi is a great chatterbox and might vex our friend," remarked the friar in some anxiety. "Her questions too sometimes are most disconcerting. Don't mind it, Luis, for she is a good child, and so beautiful, let her be a little bigger and she'll turn every young man's head; but there is not one in this land worthy to have her."

"Excepting your nephew, good frei," protested Camoens.

"My nephew cannot wait, Luis, for his mother wants him to marry soon."

"I *can* wait, padre-tio, as I have told you fifty times," broke in Babasinho impatiently.

"Five years? Tulsi is only twelve now."

"Fifty! for nobody but I shall marry Tulsi," exclaimed the young lover with emphasis.

"Very well, rapaz, very well, I'll write to your mother, I will indeed. Adeus!"

With that Frei Jacinto went on with his work and the two friends proceeded towards little Tulsibai's house.

In the family circle Krishnarao's daughter was called Tulsi; to all others she was Tulsibai, a name that had long become a household word in the capital. But her father's reputation, owing to his liberal views on religion, had suffered a certain eclipse with the orthodox Hindus, though the number of these was diminishing rapidly. So many cruel disabilities were imposed upon them that, unless one turned Christian, life became a burden.

"God save Your Excellencies!" cried Krishnarao, seeing Camoens and Babasinho step into his shop. "Your friend does me great honour, Dom Rodrigo."

"I have brought him to see little Tulsi, Krishna Sêtt* for he won't believe certain things without seeing her," Babasinho explained.

Tulsibai had heard Dom Rodrigo's name and was coming out running, when she saw Camoens and stopped short with a bewildered look.

* In Goa, Hindu goldsmiths are called setts

"Is it an angel that I am beholding? How I rue the loss of my eye!" sighed the poor poet.

"Come near, Tulsi," said Babasinho.

The girl obeyed at once, and stood gazing at Camoens with wide eyes but clinging to the young man's arm.

"Do you know him, Tulsi?" asked Babasinho.

The girl nodded, for she knew the poet by sight.

"Frei Jacinto called the child a chatterbox, and here she's afraid to utter even one word," remarked the poet.

"She will, tio—have patience," said Babasinho. "Recite a stanza from the *Lusiad*, Tulsi, and let the mestre know what great interest you take in his work."

Still clinging to her lover's arm the girl recited:—

"Let Fame with wonder name the Greek no more,
What lands he saw, what toils at sea he bore;
No more the Trojan's wand'ring voyage boast,
What storms he braved on many a per'lous coast;
No more let Rome exult in Trajan's name,
Nor eastern conquests Ammon's pride proclaim;
A nobler hero's deeds demand my lays
Than e'er adorned the song of ancient days;
Illustrious Gama, whom the waves obeyed
And whose dread sword the fate of empire swayed."

"What a fine voice, and how well she recites!" cried Camoens, delighted. "What is the menina saying now, rapaz?"

"She wants to know the passage describing how by Vasco da Gama's orders three women were flogged through the streets of Goa for having

come away from Lisbon as stowaways," smiled Babasinho.

Camoens, who had represented his hero as the mirror of moral perfection, was unprepared for this and replied in some embarrassment :

"Heroic poems need not tell of unheroic acts, dear menina."

"Then how is it that the Iliad tells of Achilles dragging Hector's body round the walls of Troy?" asked the girl, boldly placing herself in front of the poet.

"Tulsi dear," interposed the startled parent, "should not the mestre know these things better than you or any of us?"

"Let the menina have her say, good sêtt," said the poet encouragingly.

"Father dear, when Arjuna (our Achilles) slays Karna (our Hector)," insisted the intrepid maiden, "he honours the fallen foe and performs his funeral rites. And when he mortally wounds Bhishma he fetches him water to drink. That is how heroes should behave. And their heroines are worse than nautch-girls, father," continued the severe critic. "The chief of them—Helen of Troy—runs away from her husband with a wicked prince. And the fun of it is that, when brought back after ten years, she's treated by her husband as if she were the most faithful of wives. Now think of our heroines, Sita and others. Have you read the Ramayana, mestre? All sin is washed away from those who read it or hear it read."

"What! without bathing in the Ganges?" laughed Camoens.

"You've missed your mark, mestre, for I'm ready to offer you both my cheeks," answered Tulsibai, with the sweetest of smiles.

"To kiss, menina?" laughed the mestre again.

"Missed again, mestre!—to smite upon, as enjoined by two great mestres, or, as you poets would put it, by Jesu and Bhrgu."

"Bhrgu—who's he?"

"The greatest of all sages."

"What did he do?"

"If I tell you all about him we shall be drifting away from the subject on which I intended speaking."

"We could go back to it, menina, but please tell me about this Bhrgu," entreated Camoens.

"You must promise then not to laugh, mestre," demanded Tulsibai, "for the story, though inculcating one of the highest precepts, is somewhat comic."

The promise having been made, the girl sat back on her heels before the poet and began:—

"Know then, good mestre, that Bhrgu was once asked by the sages to say who was the greatest god—Brahma the Creator, Shiva the Destroyer, or Vishnu the Preserver. The sage promised to put the gods to a severe test before giving his opinion. Accordingly he went first to Brahma and deliberately omitted to make him obeisance. The god, of course, was greatly offended and drove away the sage with hard words. Bhrgu next went to Shiva and did not return his greeting. Shiva is an irascible god, mestre, and was so enraged that, had not the

god's wife intervened, he would have knocked out the great sage's brains with his terrible trident, and this great story would never have been known to us. Lastly Bhṛigu approached the abode of Viṣṇu, who was fast asleep in his wife's lap. He gave the god a good kick on his breast and awoke him; but Viṣṇu, who is a cheerful deity, instead of getting offended or showing any sign of annoyance apologized for not having been awake to welcome the sage and began to rub his foot gently lest it should have got hurt when kicking him.—'Viṣṇu is the greatest of all gods,' declared Bhṛigu to the sages——"

"And you the wisest and sweetest of all children, dear menina, I cannot help remarking," broke in Camoens, taking Tulsibai's hands into his and covering them with kisses

"For he overpowers enemies by gentleness and generosity," rattled on the vivacious little preacher, not minding the poet's interruption, "or, in other words, by offering both his cheeks to be struck. And similarly, mestre, in our religious books will be found much of the substance of the Sermon on the Mount, only that Christ uttered his precepts in words of fire and made himself the greatest prophet."

"Indeed, indeed," said Camoens thoughtfully.

"And now we'll go back to the Ramayana, mestre," suggested Tulsibai. "As I said, all sin is washed away——"

"Let's hear the story without all that, good menina," smiled the mestre.

"But it's no exaggeration to say so, good mestre,

as you yourself will be convinced when you shall have heard me to the end," insisted the good menina, smiling as sweet as ever, and then continued. "Rama, the hero of the Ramayana, was the eldest and favourite son of the King of Ayodhya by his chief queen and therefore heir to the throne. But the youngest queen had been promised two boons by the king for having once nursed him back to life when he was dangerously wounded in a battle; and she now persuaded him to appoint her own son Bharata his successor and to send Rama into exile for fourteen years. On the old king's death, however, Bharata searched out Rama and offered the crown to him as the legitimate heir, and as he would not accept it before the termination of his exile Bharata ruled the kingdom in Rama's name, placing Rama's sandals on the throne and holding the royal umbrella over them. Remember that, dear mestre. After fourteen years Rama returned from exile and reigned long over his people. In his exile he had been accompanied by his wife Sita and his half-brother Lakshmana. Of Sita's trials and sufferings and of Lakshmana's faithful services I shall tell you some other day. Of Rama and Bharata I tell you now to show that Hindu heroes are all chivalrous knights."

"Particularly Yudhishthira," laughed Camoens, "the hero of the Mahabharata, who fled from the battlefield every time he was hard pressed by an antagonist in single combat, saying that life was very dear and ought to be employed in acts of piety, and who afterwards refused to enter heaven without his dog!"

Tulsibai, who had taken it for granted that Camoens knew nothing of Hindu literature, was completely nonplussed by this unexpected retort; but only for a second. "Who told you that?" she snapped out, fronting the poet and giving a hard stare to her lover. "Yudhisthira is not the real hero of the Mahabharata: he is the type of a virtuous prince, and Indra, the king of the gods, did no more than justice by taking him alive to heaven in his chariot. The real hero is Arjuna, the brave and gallant Arjuna. Let me tell you again, mestre, Hindu heroes are all chivalrous, whereas Christian heroes are not!"

"And yet, dear menina, you have chosen a Christian for your own knight!" smiled the poet, sorry at having contradicted her, for he saw that tears stood glistening on her eyelashes.

"He's my Arjuna," returned the bold girl, clinging again to her lover and whispering something into his ear.

"What is the little critic saying now? Verily she's an inspired child!" said Camoens.

"She wants to know if you are offended," answered his friend, not quite sure himself that he was not.

"Offended? Never was more pleased in my life," exclaimed the poet, taking Tulsibai in his arms.

Here Tulsibai's black cat, who all this while had been watching suspiciously the one-eyed visitor, suddenly began to scratch at his feet, till Babasinho put her in the arms of her mistress, when she at once became quiet

"You must excuse her, dear mestre," said Tulsibai, smiling. "She never allows strangers to touch me, and even of friends she's extremely jealous; but, look, she has already taken to you!"

The cat was actually purring to the poet, who said to Babasinho:

"You have a serious rival in this creature, rapaz. Beware of her—and of her mistress, because she has nothing good to say of Christians or Christ."

"Nay, nay, mestre," protested Tulsibai, "Christ is truth itself—life itself! There is no one comparable with Him or Gautama, both of whom were full of compassion for the fallen. The picture of Christ and Mary Magdalene is ever before my eyes. How I should have loved to wash His feet! But it is a blessing of which sinners are not worthy, or Padre Mestre would have allowed me to wash his own. And he was always in a hurry, and that is how he killed himself. He's now in heaven!—May I wash yours, mestre?"

"It is more fitting that I should wash yours, since you are an angel and I a sinner. Indeed I am not worthy to hold you in my arms, child." And Camoens gently put Tulsibai down.

"Then why do they call you *mestre*?" inquired the girl, returning to her lover's side.

"Dom Rodrigo alone calls me so: he fancies I am a great scholar."

"You're also good, he says, and it must be true: all our poets were saints. Let me wash your feet, mestre," pleaded Tulsibai.

Here the girl was suddenly called in, obviously

by someone who feared that her impertinence was going too far and might annoy the distinguished visitor. Camoens's next words, however, dispelled that fear, for he said with some emotion :

"With such a bright and beautiful child how happy must a family be!"

"We should perhaps be happier, *senhôr*, were the child less bright and less beautiful," sighed the goldsmith. "It seems ungrateful of me to say so, but my mother-in-law makes such scenes whenever the child does or utters anything beyond her age, and that happens so often. Because the mother, my wife, was as bright and beautiful and died by her saree catching fire, the old woman thinks that the daughter also will die in some such tragic circumstances—and gives us no end of trouble. And now the dear child has taken the Saint's death very much to heart. She was greatly attached to him, indeed all of us were, chiefly the women folk; for he would never pass this way without entering my house and exchanging with them a few words in Konkani.* You will have heard, *mestre*, of the wonderful visions that little Tulsi had on the day of the Saint's death. Ever since then he has appeared to her in dreams, always with a face full of pity and always sighing, 'Poor martyr!' She remembers his using once this expression to her, when he was alive. It had preyed on her mind and she was not quite herself until the body was brought here. She felt all right soon after kissing the Saint's feet.

* The language spoken by the natives of Goa.

Do you know, senhores, that already twenty miracles are reported to have taken place? Old Pandurang, one of my workmen, has been cured of palsy. What a blessing it is to have the Saint's body among us!"

"It ought to open the eyes of unbelievers," said the poet solemnly, as he and his young companion rode away.

"It will, it will, I have no doubt," muttered the goldsmith, "excepting mine....already open.... but which I am forced to close.. because of the glare....of the flames....rising higher and higher!.... Poor woman!....Poor boy!....Poor child!....Saint Francis Xavier, pray for us!"

"I don't wonder, rapaz, at your loving such a girl or at your readiness to wait till she is old enough to marry," remarked Camoens to Babasinho as the two rode home together. "It almost makes me believe in reincarnation, and that little Tulsi might be one of the long-dead Indian heroines come back to life: her intelligence and learning are certainly more than extraordinary."

"I hope you did not think her too bold, tio?" stammered the young man.

"No, rapaz, the fact is, Indian women, unlike their European sisters, have no false modesty with the man they take to, be he lover or friend; and little Tulsi could not help being frank with me. Obviously your reports have given her an exaggerated idea of my greatness and goodness, but have no fear, rapaz, I shall try to deserve her good opinion, and yours. The thought of her, I am

sure, will prevent me from doing wrong, as it prevents you, I daresay."

"To a great extent, tio, but it was Padre Francisco that first brought me to my senses."

"You were lucky to have known him so intimately, rapaz."

Having by this time reached the place where Camoens lived and Babasinho's house being farther away on the same road the two friends separated.

CHAPTER XI

DAVID AND SALOMAO

It was not for nothing that Camoens had warned Babasinho against Dom Jayme, for he had already seen and heard enough of the latter to make him uneasy about his young friend's safety. Lately another murder had been committed—beneath Dona Clara's very window. This time it was of a young Kanarim studying for priesthood at Saint Paul's College. He came of a rich Christianized Brahman family, and the case had created quite a sensation. (It is to be noted that Goans, when they became Christians, did not give up their castes though they gave up their gods). As usual Dom Jayme had been summoned to give evidence, which he had done in a few sharp sentences. Yes, a murdered young man had been found that morning in his compound and might be found every morning—how could he help it or know anything about it? Was he to keep awake and watch all the night

long? What were the patrol doing?—sleeping, of course: highly creditable to the authorities! The judge had apologized to Dom Jayme and dismissed the case for want of evidence.

Even in the event of Dona Clara's death Babasinho would have found it difficult to avoid her ill-omened house, having lived there so many of his early years and having come somehow to love Dom Jayme's sons David and Salomão. These names—rare among the Portuguese—had been given at their mothers' suggestion; David because Inez wanted her son to be a great hero, and Salomão because Delicioza wanted hers to be wise. Daily combats between the two mothers used to take place over the merits and demerits of the two Israelite kings, the household dividing themselves into two hostile camps. This state of affairs had continued for some three years, when the children developing a sort of canine attachment to Babasinho, whom their mothers held in great honour, hostilities gradually slackened and finally ended in a treaty of peace, which was respected by these two illiterate slaves better than treaties are by civilized states or statesmen.

Unfortunately the children disappointed their mothers, for David was more intelligent than strong and Salomão just the reverse. But both were brave as lions and later on came to be known in the city as *tigers*, on account of their fierce tempers. They were a terror to the Kanarim boys, who at sight of them would run for their lives. To silence refractory children it was enough to say "tigers!" To

be in their good graces the fishwives by the roadsides had to offer them something, or they would overturn their frying-pans. The scamps preferred their fish, though fried in rancid oil, to the best of home fare, and sometimes so gorged themselves with crabs, prawns, and mullets that a stomach ache followed. Woe then to the fishwife who had indulged their gluttony! A party of armed slaves would appear and threaten to take her before the judge on the charge of selling tainted fish, unless——. Once, indeed, they did so, but got nothing for their pains, the judge himself having eaten the fish and acquitted the woman. Sometimes a fishwife would appeal to Babasinho and win the case with costs, for the little tyrants never dared to tell him lies against their victims. This was one of the circumstances that made our hero love the *Israelite Kings*, as he called David and Salomão, and prophesy a bright future for them, which naturally made the mothers adore the prophet. Camoens also came to think well of the boys, who little by little had managed to make themselves as indispensable to him as they were to Babasinho, by carrying messages between them and doing other odd jobs.

This connection was not without its drawbacks for Babasinho because the scamps often dragged him into their escapades. Once their dog happened to kill a cat, but where was the fun without tio knowing about it? (They called Babasinho *tio*). And tio was at the palace. That year during the celebration of Saint John's Eve, when it was

customary to burn in effigy King Herod and his stepdaughter for taking the Saint's life, a fire had broken out and destroyed a part of the shipping in the harbour, and Babasinho and some others were helping the Viceroy to settle the question of rewards to the officers and men who had extinguished the fire. Away ran the boys to the palace.

"Halt!" shouted the sentry at the palace gate.

"We want to see Dom Rodrigo," demanded the boys.

"You shan't!"

"We shall!"

"One step more and I'll run you through!"

"We'll run before that!" returned the boys, and dashed past the sentry and burst into the hall where the Viceroy sat in council.

"Good-morning! What are Your Excellencies' orders now?" asked the Viceroy good-humouredly, taking in the situation at once. He knew the urchins well, having seen them often playing at soldiers before the palace guard.

"Please, Excellency, we want Dom Rodrigo to see the cat that Goliath has killed," answered David, who was the bolder, if somewhat weaker, of the two scamps.

"How can that be, Excellency, when Goliath himself was killed by David centuries ago?"

"Goliath is the name of their dog, Excellency," explained Dom Rodrigo.

"I see, I see, it must be a giant of a dog. And what's Your Excellency's name?" asked the Viceroy of David.

"My name is David and his is Salomão, but I call him Sal and he calls me Dav," answered David, growing bolder.

"Santa Catharina! Then you never killed Goliath?" exclaimed the Viceroy with mock gravity. And the pompous councillors who sat with His Excellency burst into loud laughs, to the no small confusion of the boys.

"Salomão will tell us all about it. Salomão was the wisest man that ever lived—is it not so, Salomão?" continued the Viceroy, rising and taking the hand of Salomão, who was preparing to retire. "Goliath was killed centuries ago—was he not?"

"Yes—after killing the cat," returned Salomão, not knowing what to say.

"Sal, beware of lies!" warned David, remembering Babasinho's advice to them. "Goliath is alive, Excellency."

"Are we supposed to know better than His Excellency, Dav?" stammered the poor mulatto lad, perplexed more than ever.

"That's a good lad. And who told you to beware of lies?" asked the Viceroy, turning to David.

"Dom Rodrigo, Excellency," answered David. "He says that even if we have to die we must not tell lies—and we don't."

"Well, Dom Rodrigo, you may go and find out the truth. Mind, should Goliath be alive Salomão will have to be hanged for telling us lies," said the Viceroy, and the solemn councillors again indulged in a laugh at the poor boys' expense.

Babasinho came away with the boys, quite pleased

at their straightforward behaviour and thankful that the Viceroy had not taken offence at their rash intrusion.

"Am I to be hanged because Goliath is alive?" asked Salomão as soon as they were out of the council hall.

"Yes, my poor child," answered Babasinho, trying to look as sad as possible.

"We'll kill Goliath."

"That would be cruel, and I have always told you never to be cruel to anyone."

"He's only a dog."

"But he's one of God's creatures and has done no wrong."

"What wrong have I done?"

"You disturbed His Excellency."

"We won't do it again, tio."

"Then I'll tell His Excellency not to hang you, though nobody would be sorry if he did so."

"Mother would be."

"Your mother cares more for David because he's smarter."

"And my mother cares more for Sal because he's stronger," interposed David, sympathizing in his half-brother's sad plight.

"Then you two could exchange your mothers, or take Dona Clara, since your own mothers love you less than she does," suggested Babasinho.

"No, I like my mother, though I don't like to be hanged," replied Salomão, tears starting to his eyes.

"Well, I'll tell His Excellency about it," said Babasinho, relenting at last.

Though the Viceroy's words had puzzled them, the scamps were fully acquainted with the story of David and Goliath, having at one time even tried to kill their dog with a sling. But the stones had all gone over the dog's head, till at last one day, having placed the poor creature on a window of the upper storey, they had succeeded in hitting him, and so hard too that his yells had resounded through the whole house. For this they had received a caning from Babasinho, who exercised parental authority over them, their own father having enough to do in multiplying his progeny. The incident, however, had had the effect of raising David in Babasinho's estimation, for the lad had preferred sharing the caning to betraying Salomão, who had hit the dog, and whose devotion to his half-brother then grew as great as Jonathan's to David's illustrious namesake.

This incident also brought about a reconciliation between the two slaves and Dona Clara, because the latter had interceded for the lads when they were being caned by Babasinho, so that peace, which had not been known for years, now reigned in Dom Jayme's house. The lads on their part became from that day warm adherents of Dona Clara, though their mothers still avoided any intimacy with her.

CHAPTER XII

CAMOENS IS BANISHED TO MACAO

The Portuguese in India had for some years been living on their prestige, which was considerably greater than their power and was kept up by every possible device and sacrifice: witness their triumphal entries and their reluctance to expose the base-born fellows who, after passing the Cape of Good Hope, used to give themselves out as fidalgos. Dom João de Castro had discovered that of the 16,000 names figuring in the pay-lists a good half were fictitious, but as nothing could be done without lowering the national prestige he had very sensibly died. The subject races were made to believe that the conquerors were descended from gods. One who tried to show them in their true colours had made Goa too hot for himself and then had been running to cooler places: Saint Francis Xavier had seen the hopelessness of reforming the profligate fidalguia of Goa and had sought to convert the heathens, in which, fortunately, he had met with complete success.

Bearing these facts in mind it is impossible not to agree with the poet's biographers who say that his banishment to Macao with subsequent misfortunes was due to his own lamentable imprudences. And, sure enough, had Camoens been less of a poet and more of a sycophant, he not only would have averted misfortunes but might have ended his days even as a grandee of Goa. Being what he was, and having fallen among people whose deeds contrasted so,

disgracefully with those he was just then celebrating in heroic verse, he could not have acted otherwise; and it is greatly to his honour that he did so. His first letter from Goa showed that he regarded India as "the mother of great villains and the stepmother of honest men." Experience had only confirmed the first impressions. One day he saw a Caffre stabbed to death by a fidalgo whom he had happened to cross on the road without making a sufficiently respectful bow. Another day he heard that the Senate, which was composed exclusively of the new settlers, had ordered the hand of a Kanarim to be cut off because he had struck a soldier for trying to outrage that Kanarim's wife. Later on it was decreed that any Kanarim or Caffre raising his hand against a white man should suffer death. The poet was—as a poet could not help being—filled with indignation, and vented it in a satire entitled *Follies in India*. Though not couched in immoderate terms the satire fell like a bomb-shell among the *god-descended* fidalgos of Goa; and the author found himself heartily detested by nearly every one of them.

With Albuquerque, who used to put down his countrymen's malpractices with an iron hand and once even hanged a soldier for seducing a slave of his palace, Camoens would certainly have found favour; but with the young Francisco Barreto, the then Viceroy of Goa, whose tenure of office depended greatly on the support of the fidalguia, Camoens's high principles could only get him into trouble. He had, moreover, written another satire

(on the mimic tournament held in honour of Barreto's accession) in which he had held up to ridicule such of the Viceroy's friends as had got drunk on the occasion. These friends prevailed upon the Viceroy to sign an order banishing from Goa the obnoxious poet.

"Be of good cheer, rapaz," said Camoens to Babasinho, who had called on the poet in great haste and alarm, "for the Viceroy, besides appointing me to a lucrative post, has given me a license to trade in China goods. I shall soon be a rich man and have ample time to finish my poem, four cantos of which yet remain to be written."

"But you must allow me to sleep in your house, tio," begged Babasinho, knowing the summary way in which the fidalgos dealt with their enemies.

"Have I not got my good sword, Dom Rodrigo, and have you not seen me use it?" rejoined the poet, but as his young friend looked very sad he added, "Very well, rapaz, very well, you may sleep in my house. By the way, what about those verses of mine on poor Leonor* that you took yesterday to show to your padre-tio—are they passable?"

"Padre tio says they equal anything of the kind in the whole range of literature. But *I* say they surpass everything of the kind. Verily, mestre, you are a master of the pathetic no less than of the sublime; and Garcia de Sá, were he living, would have rewarded you handsomely."

* Viceroy Garcia de Sa's elder daughter, who along with her husband and children was shipwrecked on the coast of South Africa and after indescribable sufferings killed by the barbarous natives. Their tragic fate forms the subject of some thrilling verses of the *Lusiad*.

"Think you then, Dom Rodrigo, that hope of reward inspired the verses?" asked Camoens in an aggrieved tone.

"Mestre, mestre, is it not unkind of you to put such a construction upon my words?" remonstrated the young man.

"No offence was meant, rapaz. I know what a high opinion you have of the gallant old crusader."

"So gallant and good was he, tio, that I can never mention him without recalling some characteristic of his. Though he dispensed with my services on Dom João de Castro's death I bore him no grudge. On the contrary I loved the grand old man, for his own sake as much as for the sake of his beautiful daughters: the younger lady was equally beautiful, as I must have told you before."

"As beautiful as Tulsi?"

"Tio. Tulsi's beauty is celestial rather than earthly," replied her admirer, thoughtfully; "I feel almost awed when she comes and sits at my feet, putting questions about Christ and comparing Him with Buddha. She knows by heart the most important parts of the Bible and of her own sacred books. Here's our friend Rodrigues Coutinho coming up."

"I'm sorry, Luis, but you have been foolish!" said the new visitor bluntly.

"You too, for lending money to a fool!" retorted Camoens, making a deep bow.

"Well, I thought I was lending it to an honourable man."

"And not to a villain, eh?"

"You would not speak thus if you knew that it is at my earnest entreaties that the Viceroy has been so generous towards you. I hope you'll repay the amount as soon as possible. *Boa viagem!*" said Rodrigues Coutinho and went away, without even shaking hands with the poet.

"There goes an honourable man! How comes it, Dom Rodrigo, that all the honourable men in Goa without exception are so rich?"

"Because honour is so cheap here and cheating at cards is no dishonour."

The exit of Rodrigues Coutinho was followed by the entrance of Dr. Garcia da Orta, the famous physician and botanist. He was a Christian Jew,* who had left Portugal in anticipation of the establishment of the Inquisition there, and after four years of an adventurous life in India—taking part in military expeditions or travelling from city to city† to study men and things no less than medicine—had settled permanently at Goa. Having much to

* That Dr. Orta was a Christian Jew is a recent discovery.

† According to one Portuguese writer (though others are silent about it) Vijayanagar was one of the places visited by Dr. Orta. And such may well have been the case because the doctor was fabulously rich; and, as the valley in which Old Sinbad the Sailor found diamonds lying about like common pebbles lay in this kingdom of Vijayanagar, he may have come away with his pockets full of those precious stones, after working some wonderful cures among the nobility there; and India in those days was a veritable Eldorado to European Esculapians, even when no better than quacks. Think of Signor Niccolao Manucci, who had run away from home at the age of fourteen and come to this country, calling himself doctor and being called in to treat sick ladies of the Moghul Court, receiving two hundred rupees every time he bled one of them! The Jesuits at Goa made 50,000 pardaos (£15,000) every year on some pills that they manufactured and sold as "Goa stones."

do as director of two public hospitals and in attending to his large private practice he was not often to be seen at the house of Camoens, who, however, passed hours every day in his friend's well-stocked library and sometimes had lunch with him. Being a man of wide culture and literary tastes Dr. Orta took great pleasure in the poet's society.

"I'm glad Dom Rodrigo is here," he said, embracing Camoens, "but you would be safer in my house, Luis. The fellows may resort to violence, since they look upon this order of banishment more as a reward than punishment. I too look upon it in that light. If you don't, remember that poets thrive best in misfortune—at least as regards their work—though you need no such stimulus. But I warned you, Luis, I warned you, my friend!" And the aged doctor, accustomed though he was to see pain and suffering every hour of his life, appeared much agitated and sank in a chair.

"Thank you, my dear doctor," said Camoens, very much touched, "but to shift from this house would be to confess myself a coward. About what has happened, doctor, I really could not help it."

"Yes, yes, you could not help it, Luis. Poets cannot help doing what they do, and get into trouble, of course. It has ever been so and ever will be. Believe me, far from blaming, I honour you for what you have done, Luis; but you must go, if only to be out of danger. Yes, I must ask you to go, I who shall miss you more than anyone else will. Here are some books, which you will find useful in connection with your work. If you need

any others, write, and I'll send them, but do not stir out under any circumstances. Dom Rodrigo, see that he doesn't. Yes, go and finish your great work—and leave us to our petty doings." And Dr. Orta again embraced Camoens, and left the house.

"I had no idea that he cared for me so much, rapaz," said the poet to Babasinho.

"Who's there that does not care for you, tio, except villains? So you'll take care not to leave the house, tio, at least until we know they have got over their resentment."

"But I must go to see Tulsi, rapaz. What will she think of me if I don't? I'm always thinking of her!" sighed Camoens.

"Why, she'll be here presently to see you, tio, if I mistake not," smiled the young man, who had been looking out of the window from the upper floor and just then had seen a covered palanquin, which he knew to be Krishnarao's, stop on the road opposite the house.

It was indeed Tulsibai, with her father, come in a palanquin as a matter of course, though the distance was no more than a furlong. It would have been strange had they come on foot when even beggars were wont to go about in palanquins. The viceregal order forbidding their use by Hindus had not yet been issued. Tulsibai had been weeping, and now at sight of the poet burst out sobbing, which brought into the room Barbara, who also was weeping. She took Tulsibai in her arms and their tears mingled together. Tulsibai wanted to go and

plead for Camoens with the Viceroy; without considering the strangeness of her proposal or realizing the difficulties in the way, for at that period the Viceroy of Goa surrounded himself with such ceremonious barriers that none, saving the Archbishop, could speak to him with covered head or eat with him at the same table—not even his own sons, and when His Excellency rode in state through the city the sons had to ride at a respectful distance behind him.

“The interview, even if granted, would prove useless,” said Camoens in explaining matters to Tulsibai, “for His Excellency, though well disposed towards me, is entirely in the hands of unscrupulous officials, and these are determined to get rid of me: let it be. Only two-and-a-half years of my term have to run, and I care not where I spend them. Surely Macao cannot be worse than Goa. Believe me, dear menina, this so-called banishment will prove a blessing in disguise, for I shall be free to prosecute my work without interruption. I am sorry only for my friends, particularly for poor dear Barbara, who cannot accompany me because, she fears, the long voyage will kill her. For all that there is no reason for your crying so, dear girl,” went on Camoens, turning to his slave, “for Dom Rodrigo has arranged to keep you with the excellentissimo Diogo Pereira, who was a great friend of Padre Francisco’s, as you must know, and in whose family a miracle took place when the Saint’s body was being conveyed through the streets of this city.”

"Could dear Dona Barbara not put up with us, father?" asked Tulsibai.

"She could, child, and I would be very happy if she did," answered Krishnarao, looking at the poet.

But Camoens politely declined the offer, saying, "Barbara will be quite comfortable at the house Dom Rodrigo has chosen," and added, "You are as good as you are beautiful, menina. Now before I leave for Macao you must tell me the story of Sita."

Tulsibai having readily agreed to this, one of his last days at Goa the poet passed in hearing her relate to him and Babasinho the trials and sufferings of Sita:—how she was forcibly carried off by the demon King of Lanka, at the instigation of his sister whose love Rama had spurned, and how she was rescued by Rama with the aid of an army of gigantic apes under their general Hanuman; how, Rama suspecting her purity because of the rape, she threw herself on a funeral pyre, but, being innocent, was saved by the fire-god Agni; how, after they had returned to their kingdom and reigned some time, the people, not believing in the story of the ordeal by fire, began to murmur, and she was put away by Rama, though he knew her to be blameless; how she was taken by the faithful Lakshmana to the hermitage of the sage Valmiki, the author of the Ramayana, and there soon after gave birth to twin sons; how these sons, when sixteen years old, accidentally meeting their father near the hermitage, persuaded her to meet him, but how all of a sudden the earth opened out between the two and

the earth-goddess appeared and took her away on a jewelled throne; and, finally, how her loss plunged Rama into an agony of sorrow and the celestial bird Garuda came and carried him to heaven, where he found her transformed into the goddess Lakshmi and was himself transformed into the god Vishnu, her husband

Tulsibai had spoken in fluent, almost rhythmical, Portuguese, pausing now and then to wipe away a tear. Camoens remained rapt in thought a while after she had finished, and then, "Verily, Tulsi, you are an inspired child," he said, full of admiration. "Even Valmiki could not have acquitted himself better. I do not know whether to admire more your vivid presentation of the story or your perfect command over our language. Should the Muses prove churlish to me any time I am bound to invoke your sweet self for inspiration, dear menina."

Much pleased, the menina replied, "I shall not cease to pray, tio, that your *Lusiad* might be as great an epic as our *Ramayana*, though"—she could not refrain from adding, so high was her opinion of the Hindu hero—"there can be no comparison between Gama and Rama."

"Frankly now, menina," rejoined the poet, smiling, "don't you think that Rama's behaviour in putting away his faithful wife in order to please his subjects was infinitely worse than Gama's in flogging shameless women for coming out to India clandestinely—if that story have any foundation at all?"

"There are people still living who witnessed the

flogging," insisted the girl. "It had caused a great scandal and in vain had the Bishop and the fidalgos clamoured against it. However, your hero must have repented afterwards, for in his will he bequeathed dowries to the poor women. Is it possible that you do not know about it—or do you pretend not to? Yes! No? Then why do you smile?" she asked, dropping on her knees playfully before Camoens, who continued seated in a chair.

"Because I have been caught in a trap!" laughed the poet. "All the same a wise girl like you should know that had my hero been less severe he would never have been able to do such great deeds as he did—and would never have reached India."

"Don't fancy now *I* can be caught so easily," laughed back Tulsibai, "for a wise mestre like you should know that a king, for the good of his subjects, ought to make every personal sacrifice. Let it be a drawn battle between us until you shall have heard me narrate the great deeds of the heroes of the Mahabharata, the national saga of our country. There's no time for it now; you are going away to-morrow—you are leaving us, dear tio, you are leaving us!" And the child became sad.

"Only for two-and-a-half years, dear menina, and then I shall be so happy to hear your version of the Mahabharata and of the great deeds of its heroes, chiefly Arjuna, the prototype of your own knight!" said the poet, gallantly kissing both her beautiful hands and taking his departure along with Babasinho.

As most of his friends had fallen away from him for fear of offending otherwise those who had

brought about his banishment, few persons went to see Camoens off on board the vessel that was to carry him away. But Dr. Orta, Frei Jacinto, Diogo Pereira, Babasinho, Krishnarao and Tulsibai were all there, and sad was their parting from the poet (April 1556).

CHAPTER XIII

THE PADRE NOSSO

Goan goldsmiths were once as celebrated throughout Asia as Dutch lapidaries are now throughout the world. This celebrity—so say their descendants—they had won in an open competition among the goldsmiths of the Deccan and Southern India held by the mighty Rajah of Vijayanagar when he needed a gold necklace to present to the peasant girl whom he loved and was determined to marry, and who was as beautiful as a human being can be, all the Hindu gods having laboured together to make her so. The necklace made by a Goan goldsmith was selected; but the saucy beauty (whose name, appropriately enough, was Peral) refused to accept it or to marry the rajah, who nearly lost his head and his kingdom over it; for he marched with an army to seize her and the town in which she lived, and was himself attacked on the way and badly defeated by the king in whose dominions the town lay, and who afterwards had the fair peasant married to his eldest son.*

* This tradition among the goldsmiths of Goa is in substantial agreement with history except that the town (Mudgal) where the girl lived was in a disputed territory.

All this, however, made the goldsmiths of Goa still more famous. They had a street all to themselves in the city, though the wealthier ones were to be found in the Rua Direita or the Rua de San Paulo. This road stretched diagonally the whole length of the city. At the northwest end stood the parochial Church of Our Lady of the Rosary where Padre Francisco had taught catechism to children; at the southeast end stood the College of Saint Paul, from which the thoroughfare took its name, and the Campo de San Lazaro where heretics were burnt and on the feast-day of Saint John the Baptist equestrian games were held.

On the morning of such a feast-day in 1558 a handsome young fidalgo was seen dismounting before a goldsmith's shop in the quarter where the Rua Direita joined the Rua de San Paulo. He was proceeding to the Campo de San Lazaro and wanted some silver trinkets for the trappings of his horse. He had not been long in the shop before the following verse, sung to an air made so familiar by Padre Francisco, fell upon his ears:—

“ Padre nosso, que estais nos céos,
Venha a nós o vosso reino;
Seja feita a vossa vontade,
Assim na terra como no céu — ”

“ Who's that singing, Krishna Sêtt ? ” asked the young fidalgo, though the voice was well known to him.

“ Little Tulsi, senhôr.”

“ Little Tulsi ?—what a beautiful voice she has !

What a beautiful voice! what a beautiful voice!" the young fidalgo kept repeating to himself, overcome with sudden emotion.

"Her heart is as beautiful, senhôr."

"Yes, as beautiful as the father's."

"Not as mine, Dom Rodrigo, but as the mother's. Would the senhôr had known her mother!" And the widower, who was no other than Tulsibai's father speaking with Babasinho, gave a deep sigh. So dear to Krishnarao was the memory of his dead wife that, though only thirty-five years old, he had never entertained the thought of a second marriage.

"Is she become a Christian?" asked the young man, though such a thing could not have taken place without his knowing about it.

"As good as become, and every one of us also, not excluding my workmen, who listen all day to her stories from the Bible. Such is her influence that none of us can attend to business and it might have to be given up altogether. And time I did so, for the Shastras enjoin us to devote old age to spiritual welfare. Besides, I long to join my wife in heaven! I wish you had known her, Dom Rodrigo: she was an angel, verily an angel!" And again the disconsolate widower heaved a deep sigh.

"Everybody says so, but I don't see, sêtt, why you should retire from the world or business when you are not old," argued Babasinho.

"I am, Dom Rodrigo—in sorrow if not in years. It is just the thought of Tulsi that keeps me tied to this earth. Dom Rodrigo, Dom Rodrigo, there is something upon my mind that I would speak out

but for the fear of offending you, who are so good and quite unlike your countrymen. And your uncle—what a polite old gentleman he is! Will never pass this way without paying me some compliment. ‘I’m always thinking of you, good Krishnarao, and of the pleasure it will afford me when you join our fold,’ he has said to me more than once. The Spaniards appear all so good. Padre Francisco was a Spaniard, and so is your uncle, and you too on your mother’s side. What would I not give to see your mother!”

“Dear sêtt, on my mind also there is something—but listen!”

“You do not put your heart into it, auntie.”

“I do, child, only my voice is not so sweet as my rani’s.”

“Your voice is as sweet as mine, dear auntie: try again, thus:—

‘Padre nosso, que estais nos céos,
Santificado seja o vosso nome.’”

“Auntie is playing instead of teaching you to prepare *kichree*.”*

“Grannie, grannie, thou art careful and troubled about many things; one thing alone is necessary. Auntie hath chosen the best part, which shall not be taken away from her. How often must I remind thee, dear grannie, of these words of Him who died on the cross to save us?”

“I’m indeed troubled about many things, child,

* *Kichree* is a dish of rice and lentil boiled together.

but chiefly because you are too wise for this world, just like your mother, my poor daughter—and where is she now?” And the old woman—for it was Tulsibai’s grandmother—burst into loud sobs, which so infected the other women that they all followed her example, till the goldsmith entered the hall and, seeing everybody weeping, said to his daughter, who was looking on with a sad and puzzled air.

“What have you done, Tulsi?”

“Nay, nay,” the grandmother interposed, “the poor child has done nothing; only she’s too wise for this world, and I’m so foolish and was thinking of the time when she’ll be a wife; and, as she does not know to cook, I feared her future husband might be offended and——”

“But I shall learn to cook, dear grannie,” the girl hastened to say, twining her arms round the old woman’s neck, “that my future husband might never be offended with me. Do you know who he’ll be, dear grannie?—a brave and high-minded fidalgo! So Padre Mestre told me, and that he would come one day suddenly to claim me for his own. I think he’s come,” she continued, lowering her voice, “I think he’s come already—my heart beats so:—

Padre nosso, que estais nos ceos,
Santificado——”

She stopped, beholding Babasinho enter the hall; then advanced impulsively towards him with outstretched arms.

"And Padre Mestre told me that I would love the daughter of the worthiest goldsmith in Goa," cried the young man, taking the girl's hands into his and kneeling with her before Krishnarao, who had long anticipated the present scene and who now placing his hands affectionately on their heads said full of feeling:

"Parmeshwar has destined you two for each other, and I am happy that my daughter will have for her protector a most honourable fidalgo and nephew of a saintly friar."

And the whole household stood admiring the beautiful pair.

This informal engagement was not made known to friends excepting Frei Jacinto, who remained undecided for a long time, without, however, ceasing his visits to Krishnarao, which, indeed, became more and more frequent, and at every visit he received fresh proofs of the worth and goodness of the goldsmith's daughter. One day he saw a woman, who had been bitten by a young cobra, come to the house crying, "Help, bai! help, bai!" and Tulsibai suck at the bitten place and spit out a quantity of blood. To the friar's looks of horror, "Don't be afraid, padre-tio," she said, "no harm will come to me, for none came to Padre Mestre, who did things as dangerous." Another day a Caffre, wounded in a street brawl, came to be treated by her, with the excuse that he dared not go again to hospital as they might kick him for getting into rows so often. "And think you, senhôr, I'm going to let you off without punishment?" said

Tulsibai, after attending to his wound. "Kneel down and recite with me five *Padre Nossos* and *Ave Marias* in memory of the five wounds of Our Lord." While this was being done, the Caffre assumed an air so grave that the beholders began to laugh, fancying that the fellow was acting; but no, from that hour he was a changed man.

Thus days and months had rolled by, but though the friar had long made up his mind with regard to Tulsibai there was something that prevented him from speaking out. Besides, she's not yet old enough to marry, he thought; and every time he called at the house she was sure to be waiting for him, so that he never found himself alone with her father. One day, however, he happened to call an hour earlier than usual and found her chanting the *Padre Nosso* to herself. "Hush!" he whispered to Krishnarao, taking a seat near him, "let me hear, let me hear the angel." And he was so impressed by what he heard that he could not help saying, "Happy the family in which that voice is heard!"

"Then you have decided, reverend frei, that in future that voice shall be heard in your family?" smiled the goldsmith.

"How well you have read my thought! Yes, good sêtt, I have decided that in future that blessed voice shall be heard in *our* family. Yes, *our* family, for my nephew wishes that all your relatives should live with him."

"That is very kind of Dom Rodrigo. The aunt and the old lady will certainly do so, but the other

relatives might prefer to stay with the children of my late sister."

"Ah, I've forgotten *my* sister!" sighed Frei Jacinto. "'Whatever my dear brother may do will be best for my son,' she writes, 'and I pray daily that he may be worthy of her.' She's dying to see Tulsi and wants to come out to India."

"How fortunate! There is nobody I long to see so much as Dom Rodrigo's mother, as I have often said to him. Thank God! thank God!" cried the goldsmith, yet a shadow passed over his face as well as Frei Jacinto's, both being under the same presentiment of coming evil; and they kept looking at each other vacantly, till the friar, to free himself from the uneasy feeling, said to the goldsmith with a smile:

"By the way, sêtt, I have long been thinking of telling you something. Was it not I that first began salaaming to you—why do you think I did that?"

"Because good men can read others' hearts, and you must have found out that I felt great regard for you."

"I was not a good man at all then, nor am I now, though I might have been worse, were it not for Padre Francisco of blessed memory. No, it was because of your resemblance to my elder brother, who died in the year I was ordained."

"And it was precisely because of your resemblance to my dead brother that I took to you so strangely, frei, in spite of complaints from my co-religionists, who said that I fawned on the Feringhees in order to get their custom. Your friendship

has brought me something better than custom—the respect of the Caffres, who love you for trying to get them kinder treatment from their masters, but who before had not cared for me at all.”

“And who now care so much that they supply you with fountain water free of charge,” smiled the friar.

“They won’t accept payment, frei, save in the shape of sweetmeats, and that only from Tulsi’s hands. They think no end of her.”

“Rightly so, my friend; and I’m not sure that my nephew is quite worthy of her. He’ll try to be, he says.”

“Nay, nay, good frei, you are still thinking of his gambling days and forgetting that he’s a *dos Santos*.* Your nephew is quite worthy of my daughter, but the couple, I fear, will not fit into your society.”

“Rest assured, sêtt, that they will shun society, because it is rotten. They might retire into the country and devote themselves to good works. Our friend Camoens thought that Babasinho would be a great Sanscrit scholar and translate some of your books into Portuguese. There is nothing I should like more than that the literary treasures of India should be made known to Europeans, who will then have to change their opinion of Hindus.”

“How bad that opinion is! Even Padre Francisco, saint though he was, looked upon our sacred

* *Dos Santos* (meaning *of the Saints*), a surname given by people to our hero’s family because a good many of his ancestors had become monks, though some of them after having led very irregular lives.

literature as the work of the devil. If I tried to explain anything he would never listen. 'No, no, no, don't make me lose my respect for you, sêtt,' he would say; so that the last time he was at my house we nearly quarrelled, and I got scolded for it by my own daughter. Yes, I also would be very glad if our books were translated into European languages."

"I daresay they will be sometime or other....But we are forgetting one thing. sêtt," stammered out Frei Jacinto, hesitating to say that which all this while was uppermost in his mind: "I hope the young people will have enough to live upon when they are married? or it might be necessary to ask the Viceroy to appoint Babasinho *thanadar* of Bardez. The present *thanadar* is going away shortly."

"They will have enough, frei, even after the claims of my sister's children are settled," the goldsmith assured the friar.

"Your sister's children!" gasped Frei Jacinto, the old demon of avarice again waking in him. "I thought little Tulsi was your sole heir."

"So she is, good frei, but half of my fortune I intend leaving to my brother-in-law, who has helped me to make it with his hearty cooperation in the business. Even if such had not been the case, I would not act differently, because on her deathbed I promised my sister to look after her children as after my own. I cannot tell you, senhôr, how good my sister was."

"I have no doubt she was as good as you, sêtt,

and that you are quite right in what you say and I quite wrong for thinking so much of this world when I ought to be preparing for the next!" cried Frei Jacinto, rising to go and his better nature reasserting itself. "The prospect of my nephew marrying the virtuous daughter of a virtuous man should be enough for me. How small I feel myself before you!" And the friar went away more at peace with himself if a little humiliated.

"I too must not think so much of this world but retire into the forest!" sighed the goldsmith.

CHAPTER XIV

THE INQUISITION IN GOA

In Spain the Inquisition, though it had existed in a mild form from the time of its founder Saint Dominic, was formally proclaimed (1481) in order to bring about the forcible conversion of the Jews there. This odious measure Queen Isabella the Catholic had agreed to with the greatest reluctance and only in fulfilment of a vow extorted from her when a young girl by the notorious Thomas Torquemada, the first Inquisitor-General of Spain, whom Pope Alexander VI (another notorious character) "cherished in the very bowels of affection for his immense labours in the exaltation of the faith," but whose memory is execrated by posterity. King Ferdinand also, whose cupidity had been aroused by the prospect of confiscations, may have persuaded her; at all events he took pleasure in attending

autos-da-fé, though not to the same extent as "Saint" Ferdinand (King of Castille 1159—1252), who used to pile up faggots on the blazing fire with his own hands.

In Portugal the Inquisition was the outcome of popular feeling against the Jews, and King John the Pious himself, who introduced it (1536), had hated the unfortunate race from his very infancy.

In Goa the Inquisition appears to have been established (1560) with the object of preventing the new Christians from relapsing into idolatry. If so, it was almost unnecessary, Goans having embraced Christianity with alacrity, for they were no fools to despise the many blessings in this life that the new religion secured them, however they may have prated about those in the next. In addition to material blessings and one all-powerful and generous God (ready to forgive their transgressions so often as seventy times seven) instead of thirty-three feeble, apathetic or vindictive ones, Christianity gave them any number of heroes where before they had none. Goans not only love and honour Gama, Albuquerque and Camoens as much as the Portuguese themselves do but every Goan poet tries to write something "in glorification" of these celebrities. For all that many poor fellows came to suffer at the hands of the Inquisition, some because they could not give up their cherished superstitions, and others because, seeing the shocking depravity of the European Christians, they could not help reverting to Hinduism.

It would have been wise if Portugal, following

the example of Spain, had exempted the native Christians from the Inquisition. The native Christians of Goa were the most peace-loving folk under the sun, and, when it became known that one Aleixo Dias Falcão with another secular priest had arrived from Portugal to install the dread tribunal among them, their minds were filled with fearful apprehensions, which the Grand Inquisitor's sinister surname—Falcão, meaning *falcon*—or the fact of many of them having once witnessed an irregular auto-da-fé was ill calculated to allay. (In 1543 one Jeronimo Dias, a bachelor of medicine and a new convert, had been publicly burnt for holding heretical opinions).

But the Inquisition authorities, actuated as they often were by sordid motives, may well have aimed at the rich Jews, who at Goa were so numerous that one of the principal streets—the *Rua dos Judeus*—went by their name. Most of them were Christians nominally, being strongly attached to their old faith, and had fled from Portugal in hopes of enjoying greater liberty of conscience in the colonies. Hitherto nobody had interfered with them. Though the Hindus were not permitted to have temples or to practise their religion in public the Jews of Goa had their own synagogues. Now at the news of the arrival of the Inquisitors these unfortunate people were quite panic-stricken, for they had not forgotten the terrible sufferings of their race under King Manoel, who had ordered their expulsion but when they began to leave the country had tried to seize their children under fourteen,

upon which the parents in despair had strangled them, cut in pieces, or thrown into wells rather than abandon them to the mercy of their enemies.

The Viceroys of Goa having in 1554 transferred their residence to the Moorish fort, their late palace, situated in the heart of the city, was made over to the Inquisition, when among the natives it came to be known as *Orlem Ghór*, or the *Great House*, and was never approached by them without a feeling of terror. And the outside appearance itself of the palace, with its facade of black granite, was forbidding enough, and, in the words of Captain Franklin who visited Goa in 1786, "truly emblematic of the cruel and bloody transactions that passed within its walls"

The edifice was three-storeyed and had three doors in front, the central one being the largest and by means of a broad staircase giving access to a spacious hall on the upper storey and in which prisoners were tried. After the necessary changes had been effected, the building accommodated the whole staff of the Holy Office as well as the prisoners, for whom there were any number of cells, each ten feet square and with a double door. The door that opened inwards was built strong and remained closed, but through a small aperture at top food and clothes could be thrown to the prisoner; the other, opening outwards, consisted of a single light plank and was left open during the forenoon for ventilation. The Inquisition did not want the prisoners to fall ill, and maintained two physicians and a surgeon to look after them.

Indeed so far as bodily health went it could not be said that anyone was ill-treated, though Europeans had slightly better food than Indians.

The hall for the trial of prisoners was known as the *Meza do Santo Officio* and had lofty windows hung with green taffeta. In its centre there was a dais with a long table and chairs for the Inquisitors and their assistants, and, leaning against a wall, a huge crucifix, at the sight of which guilty prisoners were said to fall senseless on the floor.

The tribunal at Goa, though independent of that at Lisbon, followed the same *Regimento*, which was a quasi-literal translation of the *Directorium Inquisitorum* originally drawn up by Nicholas Eymerich, the Inquisitor of Aragon (who appears to have been endowed with a diabolical genius for waylaying heretics howsoever wary), and afterwards revised by Torquemada. But the prisons at Goa were more loathsome and the prisoners had less chance of escape or fair play. According to this *Regimento* a heretic was anyone who advanced an idea against the doctrines of the Catholic Church or who failed to denounce anyone doing so; who sneered at holy things or who read, kept in his house or lent a book forbidden by the Inquisition; who failed to confess once a year or ate meat on the days of abstinence; who visited heretics or assisted at their devotions.

Every means, open and secret, was employed to hunt up heretics; if one died before discovery he was convicted after death and his property confiscated. The person suspected was arrested on a

sudden; and once arrested he became practically dead to the outside world, no matter how long he might linger in prison, which sometimes was for years. The utmost care was taken to prevent him from communicating with his relatives or anyone else. If he tried to exchange a word with the prisoner in the next cell a flogging followed. With his lawyer he could speak only in the presence of his accusers. The lawyer had to be chosen from a list of those employed by the Inquisition and his business was simply to persuade his client to plead guilty. The charges against an accused or the names of the accusers or witnesses were not divulged.

If the accused, when brought before the authorities, confessed his guilt at once, he was let off, but his family was dishonoured for ever and could hold no public office. Not confessing, he was put to tortures, under which many a poor fellow confessed to crimes he had never committed.

As regards evidence nothing could have been more positive or explicit than the instructions in the *Regimento*: two witnesses were required for the arrest of a person suspected of heresy, but five for his conviction, two hearsay witnesses being equivalent to one eyewitness; evidence of known criminals was to be accepted when against the accused but not when in his favour; similarly relatives could depose against but not for the accused; revocation of testimony held good if it went against the accused but null and void if in his favour. In the case of the Christianized Jews no evidence was

taken; they were assumed to be guilty and convicted without any trial.

The Holy Office cost the State a good deal of money. Its *personnel* consisted of three (sometimes two) Inquisitors, a prosecuting officer called *fiscal*, a treasurer, four notaries, a jailor, a constable, two physicians, a surgeon, a chaplain, some minor law officials whose number depended upon circumstances, and a host of unsalaried underlings known as *familiars* of the Inquisition, who acted as spies and informers and did other underhand jobs. Their position, protected as it was from the civil law, enabled them to commit crimes with impunity and to gratify personal spite. They were held in universal abomination, particularly by the Christian Jews, on whom they levied blackmail, accusing such as refused their demands. Yet, in order to avert suspicion of heresy from themselves, even distinguished persons were glad to be on the roll of these *familiars*.

The chief of the Inquisitors, called the Inquisitor Mor or Grand Inquisitor, used to be a Franciscan or some secular priest learned in the law, and was feared more than the Viceroy himself, whom he could arrest on receiving secret orders from the Supreme Council at Lisbon. The other Inquisitors were always Dominicans, and the whole institution was controlled by the Dominicans, an Order that was founded, as is well known, for the suppression of heresy, and the members of which in the course of time became celebrated all over the world as *Domini canes* or *dogs of the Lord*.

An auto-da-fé at Goa was held every two or three years, and on a Sunday, to enable as many Christians as possible to attend it and thereby gain the plenary indulgences granted by the Pope. On the day of its celebration the prisoners, clad in penitential garments and attended by their god-fathers who used to be always persons of distinction, were taken in procession through the principal streets to the cathedral. Here a sermon was preached and the proceedings against each prisoner read aloud. Then followed the confession of the faith and absolution from excommunication granted to those whose lives were to be spared. These formed generally a large majority and were escorted back to the prison as soon as the church formalities were over. The others, never exceeding a dozen and mostly guilty of practising witchcraft, were taken to the Campo de San Lazaro and there burnt at the stake in presence of the Viceroy, the Inquisitors and the people. The ashes were thrown into the neighbouring river Mandovi lest the victims' sympathizers should preserve and venerate them as relics. The burnings lasted till nightfall.

The Goa Inquisition was abolished in 1812, its most noted victim having been the very man that has left us the fullest account of it—Dellon, the French physician and traveller, who had come out to the East in 1668. When at Damaun, which is still a Portuguese dependency, he used to visit a lady to whom the Governor was much attached; and one day the latter, in a silly burst of jealousy, had the Frenchman seized and packed off to Goa,

on the charge of objecting to the worship of images (1674). After being kept three years in the Inquisition dungeons he was condemned to the galleys and sent to Lisbon. Here fortunately some friends intervened and he was set free—"after having had ample time to experience and reflect upon the consequences of amativity and disputativeness," comments Sir Richard Francis Burton, forgetting that he himself was not less amative and would have once kidnapped a pretty nun of the Convent of Saint Monica at Goa, had he not made a mistake in the night and seized instead the ugly old sub-abbess !

CHAPTER XV

CAMOENS IN CHAINS

Camoens in chains, after giving his country her greatest literary treasure, brings to mind another great man similarly treated after giving his country a continent, and then some others treated far worse after giving the world even greater things. And what astonishes us in these cases is the extraordinary patience with which the victims bore their fates. Thus we find Camoens—when, accompanied by some friends, he was being led like a common felon to the common jail at Goa one June morning in 1561—instead of harping on his grievances, expatiating on the peace and quiet he had enjoyed at Macao and which had enabled him to complete the *Lusiad*, and on his providential escape with the manuscript from the shipwreck at the mouth

of the river Mekong. He dwelt on the hospitality of the natives at the latter place and on how during his forced sojourn among them he had sought consolation in writing *Sobre os Rios que vão por Babylonia*. This superb composition, if not the "pearl of all poetry" that Lope de Vega pronounced it to be, is perhaps the most striking specimen of nostalgic verse in any language, not excepting the well-known psalm *By the Waters of Babylon* of which it is wrongly supposed to be a paraphrase.

"How merciful God is!" ejaculated the poet repeatedly. "Rejoice, rejoice, my friends, that the manuscript is safe!"

The friends did indeed rejoice over it and to see Camoens keep himself serene amidst all the buffetings of Fortune. We need not wonder at his having been serene, though in chains, keenly alive as he must have been to the greatness of his achievement; and "the *Lusiad*"—to quote no less an authority than Frederick von Schlegel—"is the only work written in modern times deserving, next to Homer, the title of an epic poem."

Next morning, however, his friends found the poet in a paroxysm of grief. He held in his hand a sheet of paper at which he was continually looking with tearful eyes. It seemed he was still brooding over the lovely Chinese slave-girl lost in the shipwreck, for the paper contained a sonnet*

* According to a recently discovered manuscript of Diogo de Couto (the Portuguese historian and friend of Camoens) this sonnet, hitherto believed to have been addressed to his early love Catharina de Athaide, was really one of the many that the poet wrote on the Chinese girl mentioned above.

he had composed overnight:—

“ Meek spirit, who so early didst depart,
 Thou art at rest in Heaven ; I linger here,
 And feed the lonely anguish of my heart.
 Thinking of all that made existence dear.
 All lost ! If in this happy world above
 Remembrance of this mortal life endure,
 Thou wilt not then forget the perfect love
 Which still thou see'st in me —O spirit pure !
 And if the irremediable grief,
 The woe, which never hopes on earth relief,
 May merit aught of thee ; prefer thy prayer
 To God, Who took thee early to His rest.
 That it may please Him soon amid the blest
 To summon me, dear maid, to meet thee there.”

“ May such a calamity never befall you, good friends !” stammered the poet, embracing each friend in turn. “ I can imagine your feelings, rapaz : like your Tulsi this poor child was an angel, deeply devoted to me, how deeply devoted I have no words to tell you. She and my Lusiad had sustained me hitherto through my trials and tribulations. Now that both are finished I care not to live. Yes, leave me to die, friends—even in this wretched hole.”

The friends could not help shedding tears at this with the exception of Babasinho, whose grief seemed too deep for tears.

“ You shall not die ! and never in such a hole !” he cried indignantly ; and, snatching off the manuscript of the Lusiad, left the prison cell.

“ You shall not ! You shall not !” repeated the friends, as with one voice.

"Pray go after him and see that he does nothing rash," begged the poet.

Babasinho rode straight to his uncle at the Convent of Saint Dominic. Frei Jacinto was in his room, reading the *Regimento do Santo Officio da Inquisição* with a sad expression in his face. Fearing that the Portuguese Inquisition, just then established in Goa, would prove as inhuman as the Spanish, on which it was modelled, the poor friar would have pleaded old age against his own appointment as one of the Inquisitors, but the Pope had distinctly suggested that the third Inquisitor was to be selected from among the Dominicans who had lived longest in India, and no other Dominican had lived in the country so long as he—or knew the people better. Nor were the friar's fears unfounded, for the Inquisition of Goa came to be known as the most pitiless in all Christendom.

"Padre-tio! padre-tio!" cried Babasinho, intruding upon the old man most unceremoniously, "tio is quite heartbroken at the death of the slave-girl he was bringing from Macao. What a wonderful elegy she has evoked! I doubt that anything more poignant was ever wrung from a bereaved lover's heart. He's continually kissing the paper it is written on and will not part with it; but I know the verses by heart and shall write them down for you, padre-tio. And here's the *magnum opus*. You may enjoy it at your leisure; I could not help sitting up till late last night and reading through all the cantos written at Macao, because I was anxious to see if the work as completed would

justify the high opinion I had formed of it. Padre-tio, there is no shadow of a doubt that the *Lusiad* is equal, if not superior, to the *Æneid*—no shadow of a doubt, I repeat. And, good God! can we suffer the author of such a work—and that author a countryman of ours and that work a monument of our national triumphs—can we, I ask, suffer him to languish in jail?”

“Never! Never!” shouted the friends, who were all young men of spirit and had followed close upon Babasinho’s heels. “The charges on which the poet has been brought to Goa by the Governor of Macao are false,” added Heitor de Siveira, who was himself a budding poet.

“Utterly false, every one of them!” exclaimed the poet’s champion full of indignation. “The mestre is incapable of the acts he’s accused of; but a cruel fate is pursuing him and has been pursuing him all along,” he continued sadly, “as will be seen after we have gone over the main incidents of his life. To begin with, was it not unfortunate, friends, for the poet to have been born poor, if of noble parents, and then to have been driven away from his love for having had a duel with his rich rival? Hoping to mend his fortune and deserve the fair Catharina he goes to fight for his country in Algiers—and fights perhaps too bravely, for he loses an eye! Could a worse mishap have befallen a lover? He is taunted by the court ladies, among whom Catharina moves, as the “one-eyed devil,” and the inevitable follows. His luck in other respects also continues bad as ever: in trying to defend a friend at a masquerade he

wounds a court official, and is condemned to serve in India on a common soldier's pay! Fate might well have relented now, but no!—he is banished to out-of-the-way, inhospitable Macao for giving vent to his righteous indignation at the malpractices of his fellow countrymen. His sojourn at Macao, however, should be looked upon as one of the few respites the poet had in his life; and he made the most of it. Besides putting by a little money out of his emoluments as Trustee for the Dead there, he completed the work on which his heart was set—the *Lusiad*, celebrating the achievements of his country——”

“*Our country! our honoured country!*” vociferated Babasinho's companions.

“Yes, *our honoured country*, and which we are *dishonouring* now, *honoured sirs!*” vociferated back our hero. “Here, however, the poet's evil fate steps in again, and he is shipwrecked on his way to Goa. To save the manuscript he has to sacrifice his fortune. He saves the manuscript, and at the risk of his life—only to be put in fetters for his trouble and sacrifice. Yet under all these severe afflictions the victim never railed at Fate. You, my good comrades, noticed his patience and good humour yesterday. Maybe it is this patience and good humour that have been infuriating Fate all along and makes it now deal him this staggering blow. Poor tio is quite crushed by the death of his beloved, and he himself longs for death. And he will die, my poor tio will die!” concluded the young man, bursting into tears.

"He shall not die! He shall not, Dom Rodrigo, as long as we are alive!" cried Babasinho's comrades, embracing him, one after another.

"We shall go in a body to interview the Viceroy and see that justice is done to the ill-used poet—or we shall do it ourselves! yes, we shall do it ourselves!" added Heitor de Silveira with an air that could not be mistaken

"Your determination is worthy of you, illustriousimos, but there need be no threats," cried Frei Jacinto in some alarm, recollecting how in 1527, when the viceroyalty of Goa was usurped by Lopo Vaz de Sampayo, Silveiras's uncle and namesake had headed a rising of some 300 Portuguese and had been imprisoned with sixteen of his partisans, though eventually the usurper was made to pay 10,000 ducats to the rightful claimant, Pero Mascarenhas. "Dom Constantino is a just man, and that cannot be said of many officials in India. Great men are ever dogged by ill-fortune," went on the friar, "and our poor friend seems to have endured as much as any hero of history or romance. I am ready to accompany you to the palace. Pity that Dr. Orta is gone to Bombay,* but you, Senhor

* Dr. Orta had taken Bombay on lease and used to pay occasional visits to it. These facts gave rise to the legend, cultivated by a succession of industrious writers, that the great physician lived there, in a house surrounded by a botanical garden, entertained celebrities, and so forth. The truth, however, is that the island, with the house which stood behind the present town hall and at which house in 1665 the treaty ceding the island to England was signed, had been sublet to one Simao Toscano, while the doctor himself continued to live at Goa. Here indeed he had a botanical garden, and also an extensive library of which Camoens made use when writing his epic.

Heitor de Silveira, as a nephew and namesake of a late champion of justice, can well be our spokesman—ah, not I, good friends, but my presence will speak more than my tongue could. Now not an indiscreet word in His Excellency's presence, please!"

"The good frei is right! He's right! He's right!" cried the young fidalgos and proceeded at once to the palace, accompanied by the friar and Babasinho.

As a result of this interview Camoens was tried without unnecessary delay and acquitted of every charge preferred against him by the Governor of Macao, but not before Dom Francisco Coutinho, Count of Redondo, had succeeded Dom Constantino de Braganza as Viceroy. During the trial it transpired that the poet had been the victim of a base intrigue between the Governor and the people of Macao. The Governor, who was also the Captain of the ship plying between Japan and India and as such claimed the exclusive right of dealing in China merchandise, had induced the people to send in complaints against Camoens as Trustee for the Dead, because the trading license granted to the poet had seriously curtailed his own income. On receiving these complaints the Governor had put the Trustee in irons and was bringing him to Goa for trial, when the ship was wrecked. But all that the Governor got for his pains was a sharp reprimand from the Viceroy.

Unhappily Camoens was detained in custody at the instance of Miguel Rodrigues Coutinho from whom he had borrowed some forty pounds on the eve of his banishment from Goa. Though perhaps

within his rights in what he did, Coutinho, who was rich enough, could well have foregone the sum or have allowed his poor debtor time and opportunity to repay it. But, if usurers are never magnanimous, poets are not always forgiving, and Camoens in his rhyming petition to the Viceroy failed not to retaliate on his creditor, whom he denounced as a heartless miser (*Fios-Seccos*). After some delay, however, friends, though few of them were well-to-do, managed to raise the required amount and set the poet at liberty. The names of the more noted of those who helped him on this or other occasions were: Dom Rodrigo dos Santos, Heitor de Silveira, Dom Alvaro de Silveira, Dom Francisco de Almeida, João Lopes Leitão, Francisco de Mello, Diogo de Couto, Dom Tello de Menezes, Dom Jorge de Moura.

Shortly after his release from prison Camoens, having received a state appointment through the new Viceroy's kindness, was able to show his gratitude to his friends by inviting them to a dinner, at which the first course consisted of a set of witty verses apologizing for the meagreness of the menu. The verses to Dom Francisco de Almeida, a great-grandson of the first viceroy, hinted at the pranks of the notorious Roman Emperor Heliogabalus, who used to serve his guests with wax game and sweetmeats of crystal, and heartily enjoy their silent agonies. But, if the fare was none too sumptuous, the guests represented the flower of the young fidalguia then at Goa, Heitor de Silveira being a nephew of the hero of the same name immortalized in the

tenth canto of the *Lusiad*, and mentioned above as the champion of Pero Mascarenhas, and Francisco de Mello being the ancestor of the Count of Ficalho, the best biographer of Dr. Garcia da Orta, the eminent naturalist. The younger Heitor, if not renowned like the elder, was as good, and once again (at Sofala) rescued Camoens from the clutches of his other creditor, Pedro Barreto, the Governor of the place, and took him to Portugal. Both he and Leitão were amateur poets. This dinner stands as unique in literature as that given to Nero by Seneca does in history, though the philosopher-statesman spent as much as 32,000 pounds on flowers alone and the poet only a few pence on the whole entertainment.

Much misunderstanding among the biographers of Camoens has arisen from the fact that the surnames of the two viceroys—Francisco Barreto and Dom Francisco Coutinho—connected with his grievances were identical with those of his two creditors Pedro Barreto and Miguel Rodrigues Coutinho. The poor viceroys have been accused of cruelty to the bard, when they appear to have done their utmost to alleviate his sufferings. Francisco Barreto, we have seen, in consenting to the poet's unavoidable banishment, gave him a much coveted post and certain facilities for making money. Dom Francisco Coutinho besides conferring on the poet a state appointment, extended to him the hand of friendship. Even the good Dom Constantino de Braganza, a scion of the royal family, has not been spared, perhaps because the trial he had ordered did

not end before he left India. The marvel is that it ended at all, for, according to Tavernier, trials in Goa never did end. "They are in the hands of the Kanarins," he says, "who practise the professions of solicitors and procurators, and there are no people in the world more cunning and subtle,"—"and," he ought to have added, "the judges are all Portuguese, and there are no people in the world more lazy or less inclined to do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow."

Before hinting at cruelty to Camoens we must remember that most of the evils that afflicted the Portuguese in the East and their ultimate downfall were due to the deplorable fact that punishment never followed crime; and this was precisely what had exasperated Gaspar Correa* (the author of *Lendas da India*) and had led him to suggest that the Viceroy who failed to punish evil-doers should

* Having come to India in his teens, for half a century Correa served the Government in various capacities, the first three years as one of the secretaries to Albuquerque, of whom and other heroes of that period he has left us such vivid pen-portraits. His pay was always in arrears, but, like so many others in similar circumstances, he had managed to live by mortgaging the arrears for such necessities as a shirt or a measure of rice. In 1540, however, this practice was stopped by a royal edict, when he appears to have existed on the prospect of seeing the King some day called upon to "render a strict account to God." Evidently this sort of existence had its discomforts, for Correa grew very outspoken about the administrative corruption in India, till one night in 1563 he was assassinated at Malacca at the instigation of the Governor, a great-grandson of Vasco da Gama. The assassin, of course, went unpunished, because assassinations were then the order of the day at Malacca, this outpost being in the most lawless region on the face of the globe and entirely in the grip of unscrupulous government officials, who preyed secretly on their own country's trade and on everyone who pried into their secret.

be beheaded publicly in the market-place of Goa, albeit Correa himself was no saint, since he can be detected in more than one shady transaction.

Again, when in 1539 some soldiers at Diu mutinied and taking possession of a part of the fortress opened fire upon their own countrymen, provoking Dom João de Castro into writing to the King that he "would have seen them all dead and the site of the fortress sown with salt," nothing whatever was done, for the King, they said, "was so full of mercy that he pardoned everything."*

Nor was it safe to punish anybody or to be over-zealous in the discharge of official duties. Once a judge at Goa came to grief for arresting a man who was under the protection of the servants of the Viceroy's brother-in-law. Looking upon the judge's action as an affront to himself the brother-in-law abused him and also the King for appointing him judge. It was a case of high treason, but the King was a good 10,000 miles away, and the Viceroy soon found a pretext for imprisoning the judge, who indeed did not regret it, as, out of prison, he might have been murdered any moment. Simão Botelho, another honest official and compiler of the monumental *Tombo do Estado da Índia*, was

* The King's example (it is satisfactory to note) was followed by the colonial governors, and is being followed down to this day. Not long ago a postman in Goa, caught tampering with insured letters, was pardoned by the governor because the culprit, it seems, had pleaded guilty; and to save the poor postmen from such temptation it was ordered that in future insured letters should be delivered only at the post-office. We may blame Govinda Gopala Gonsai, the postman, for tampering with insured letters but we may not blame the governor for tempering justice with mercy!

excommunicated by the Dominicans because in connection with the custom house at Malacca he had tried to put down certain abuses by which they had profited. At Bassein in trying to prevent a fidalgo from encroaching on some government land he nearly lost his life. Wearied out at last with the blows of adverse fortune and despairing of doing any good in this world, the poor man retired into a monastery and there ended his days.

And, when high and low committed the worst crimes with impunity, it is inconceivable that Government should have singled out for punishment one so honoured as Camoens, and that for such a petty offence as satirizing certain drunken gentlemen or owing a few cruzados to a rich man. Many a wealthy fidalgo at Goa then kept open house for his less fortunate countrymen. Dom Frei Aleixo de Menezes, the greatest of the Archbishops of Goa, used to permit every day a dozen poor Europeans or any foreign visitors who happened to get stranded in the city to be his guests at dinner. The famous French traveller Francis Pyrard is known, among others, to have availed himself of His Grace's hospitality whenever he ran short of money.

However convinced we may feel that Camoens was a good man unjustly, cruelly treated alike by his fellows and a malignant fate, let us not ourselves be unjust to anyone. It was the will of Providence that all his life the poet should, amidst untold sufferings, labour for the glory of his ungrateful country and then die in a pauper hospital and be buried in a borrowed shroud! And that he did die

in stark misery is a well-authenticated fact (and not one of the many fables that have gathered round his name), as may be seen from a Spanish monk's note in a copy of the *Lusiad* now belonging to Lord Ilchester: "How grievous to see so great a genius brought so low! I saw him die in a hospital at Lisbon, without so much as a sheet to cover him, after having won success in India and sailed 5,500 leagues of sea." Grievous indeed, but why harrow our feelings over it? The world is the same now that it was in the days of Camoens. Rather take we care that it is not made worse.

It is usual for poets to be maligned more than other people, for the world is ever ready to believe anything against poets; yet to call Camoens the Portuguese Villon (as English writers are accustomed to) is to do him a grave injustice. There was nothing in common between the lives or characters of the two poets except that the ladies who influenced their careers bore the same name—Catharina. In place of the French poet's life of riot and crime, we have only this much recorded against the Portuguese poet—a duel for love of a girl and a street fight in defence of a friend. Now because of these incidents, or rather accidents, to call Camoens the Portuguese Villon is as absurd as, because of his passion for fighting when at school, it would be absurd to call Keats the English Villon. Surely there is a difference between an impulsive young man and a hardened old criminal! But, even if worse things were known against Camoens—and it is known that he was no Puritan in his life—the

reader of the *Lusiad* would find it impossible to view its author other than as one of the noblest-minded and noblest-hearted of human beings.

CHAPTER XVI

TULSIBAI'S CONVERSION AND BETROTHAL

In the Cathedral of Goa, to the right as you enter, there is a large baptismal font, carved out of a single block of grey granite. As an inscription on it, dated 1532, shows, the font was presented to the cathedral "in honour and praise of our Lord God by Jorge Gomez"—a devout old *fidalgo*, no doubt, as at that time every *fidalgo* in India invariably became devout in old age and made such gifts to the Church as would induce the good Lord God to forget his past. The gift sometimes took the form of a contribution towards the expenses of Portuguese wars against the Moors of North Africa. (In those good old days there was this short cut to heaven: you had to kill, or get killed by, a Moor). But nothing in the world was better calculated to serve the purpose than that which this wily Gomez had hit upon. Of the 700,000 people said to have been converted by Saint Xavier some thousands came to be baptized at this font, one day alone 1,505 Brahmans of Divar—a place then as sacred to the Hindus of Goa as Jerusalem is to Christians—having been baptized in presence of the Viceroy and all the *fidalgua*.

Never before, however, could there have stood

round this font a group of proselytes so well prepared to receive the sacrament as when Krishnarao with his family and workmen was baptized. Yet the goldsmith's brow was clouded, as his mind continued to be full of fears and apprehensions, though in view of his daughter's proposed marriage to a Christian he could no longer put off the step he was taking that day. Nor was Frei Jacinto less sad and apprehensive. The company at the church included Camoens (who stood godfather to Tulsibai), Dr Garcia da Orta, Dom Jayme, and any number of fidalgos and friars. Many ladies—fidalgas and otherwise—had come uninvited in order to have a look at Tulsibai, and wondered that a Kanarim could be so beautiful. It was as well that David and Salomão had taken it upon themselves to escort her to the church and had ridden, armed *cap-a-pie*, alongside her palanquin, or any harebrained fellow might have taken it into his head to abduct her. Such occurrences were then common enough in that pandemonium of a city.

In Goa christenings were celebrated with as much pomp and extravagance as marriages. So Krishnarao's friends, both Christian and Hindu, had engaged two orchestras and a number of skilled native swordsmen to make the necessary tamasha on the occasion, which they did with a vengeance. While the Christian trumpets and drums vied with the Hindu shings and tum-tums in producing an infernal din all the way from his house to the cathedral and back, the swordsmen carried on sham combats full lustily, indeed more lustily than necessary, as

if to prove that Kanarins could, if they cared, be formidable antagonists, and but for Babasinho's popularity might have provoked the Feringhee fire-brands into mischief. As it was, they merely laughed at their antics or cried "shabash! wah-wah!" in mock admiration. It was a miracle that the occasion passed off without any untoward incident.

At Krishnarao's house the guests were treated to a sumptuous repast. After this the engagement ceremony was gone through and the ante-nuptial contract drawn up and signed. Under this contract our hero became the owner of the neighbouring isle of Divar, where he and the heroine, after marriage, were to live as Viscount and Viscountess of Divar. The title was as good as granted, since it had been suggested by the Viceroy who had unbounded influence with his Sovereign.

In view of what he had suffered for years on his nephew's account Frei Jacinto had great reason to be satisfied with the happy turn that affairs had now taken. Thus runs his diary for this day:—

"My heart is so full that it must be unburdened ere I go to bed. This evening my good nephew was formally engaged to be married to the dear angel, after she and her family had been duly baptized by my illustrious compatriot Frei Diogo Bermudez, the vicar-general of our Order. The boy receives as dowry the small island of Divar (once the stronghold of Brahmanism and dancing-girls in Goa), and His Excellency the noble Viceroy is determined to make him a viscount—Viscount of Divar, which is better than being the Viscount of Diu that he had wanted to be. Divar is a very fertile place and fetches annually some 2,000 pardaos, whereas Diu is

now a desert and a burden to the State, as no vessel approaches its harbour and the custom-house receipts, once so considerable, have almost ceased. My nephew has also a small fortune of his own, having accompanied several expeditions, in some of which much booty was obtained. (I hope there is nothing wrong in this). And the boy is of a frugal mind—like myself, I fancy, for his father was a spendthrift and his mother is no better; I mean she gives away money to poor people like a princess, whenever she has any, which, however, is not often the case. Had Padre Francisco not taken away that casket of cruzados I might never have lived to see this happy day.”

As a perusal of the same diary proves, the friar was fated not to see another happy day or moment on earth. That very night his sleep was troubled with a horrible dream: he saw Tulsibai tied to a stake, chanting the *Padre Nosso*, and Dona Clara setting fire to her. The second night he found *himself* setting fire to Tulsibai and Babasinho, who were bound together to a stake with iron chains and were crying, “Forgive us, padre-tio! forgive us, padre-tio!”—he knew not why. Another night it was he himself that was being burnt by Tulsibai and his own nephew, while the Grand Inquisitor shouted, “Burn him! burn the traitor!” when an angel appeared and carried the friar upwards, Babasinho and Tulsibai clinging to his feet and the Grand Inquisitor to theirs, till he was kicked off and fell into hell!

The entries in the diary are mostly in broken sentences, but there is no mistaking their import, and they show that no night passed without some

one or other of the ladies, whose confessor he was or had been, appearing and tempting him to sin—Dona Clara, Inez, Delicioza, Dona Maria de Faria, Dona Leonor. The entry respecting the first of these ladies is as follows: “Think of my falling in love with that abominable woman who has been the cause of so many murders in this city and is now plotting the ruin of my nephew! This is a fitting punishment to me for having been the friend of a devil and his family.” One night he dreamt that he was eloping with the *Hebrew Witch*, through a country abounding with bananas and dates. She rode upon an ass and had a child in her arms, and while he was helping the child to some fruit the *Hebrew Witch* was suddenly transformed into the Blessed Virgin, and he fell on his knees before her.

After Tulsibai's arrest, which took place about a fortnight after the day she was baptized, the poor friar began to see visions like those of Saint Anthony of the Desert, and he had to spend whole nights praying or scourging himself. For all that Satan nearly triumphed over him on one occasion, when the friar found himself at the same table as the Queen of Sheba, eating away dish after dish of highly-seasoned food, without wine or water, and afterwards at dead of night stealing into the palace chambers in quest of something to quench his raging thirst, till he came to where the queen lay on a couch waiting for him in the most abandoned attitude, and he would have embraced her had not the unusual experience awakened him!

It is evident that his life had become a veritable nightmare to Frei Jacinto. His nephew and Tulsibai, on the other hand, were as happy as larks. On the morning following their engagement Babasinho went to Krishnarao's earlier than usual, accompanied by David and Salomão, whom he wanted to introduce to his fiancée. This he did in a manner that allowed her to add a word in praise of the young men, thus securing their devotion to herself while at the same time delighting them in no small degree.

"Tulsi," he said, "here are the *Israelite Kings* of whom I have spoken to you so often."

"And in such high terms," smiled Tulsibai, giving the young men her hand, which they kissed—too ardently, Babasinho may have thought, for he said: "Don't remember ever speaking of them in high terms to anyone. Now what do you think I dreamt last night, Tulsi?"

"Perhaps that we had died and entered heaven together. At least that is what *I* dreamt."

"On the contrary I dreamt that you entered hell——"

"Oh, my lord!" broke in the poor girl, falling on her knees before her betrothed.

"I am not your lord, Tulsi. You know that among Christians a wife is the equal of her husband," said Babasinho with a smile.

"But I could never look upon you as other than my lord and master. Don't argue!" And the girl playfully placed her hand on her fiancé's mouth.

David and Salomão could hardly keep from

laughing at this. "He won't argue now: take off your hand, excellentissima senhõra, and let's hear his dream," said David.

"Well, excellentissima senhõra," smiled Babasinho, "I dreamt that you entered hell and began pulling out the people there and passing them on to me with orders to rub their bodies with oil! Wasn't that funny?"

"Funny or not," answered Tulsibai, "there's nothing better I should like to do—if there be any hell at all, but there is none, as I have told you more than once. We cannot think of hell and God together. Bad people are sufficiently punished by being born again and again until they are fit to return to their Maker."

"Christians cannot go to heaven unless they believe in the existence of hell," protested Babasinho.

"Well, then, I shall go to hell and pull out everyone in it—to spite you. Let the matter rest there till we die," laughed Tulsibai; then suddenly becoming serious and fixing her eyes on David and Salomão alternately she asked: "Could they not go with you to Vijayanagar?"

The young men took the hint and said with alacrity: "There's nothing we should like so much, excellentissima senhõra."

"But Dom Jayme would not permit them, even if their mothers did, and"—added Babasinho good-humouredly—"they are not really so formidable as they looked when escorting you to church yesterday in their shining armour."

"They are, they are," insisted Tulsibai, gazing

in admiration at the young men, who were in truth robust fellows though now blushing like girls, "and they would be true to you in case of any accident on the way. But must you go at all? Could not someone else go?" she pleaded, looking into her lover's eyes and with her hands on his shoulders.

"No, Tulsi, the Viceroy has his reasons for entrusting me with this mission, which is a secret one, and I cannot well decline the honour. Besides, has not His Excellency promised to make you a viscountess? Have no fear, my darling: I am taking with me ten well-tried countrymen of my own and twenty gigantic Caffres. Very sorry to leave you now, but so many things have to be done in connection with this visit to Vijayanagar." And Babasinho kissed Tulsibai's hand, as did also the two youths, and the three came away from her presence.

Being anxious to know how the events of the previous day had affected Dona Clara, Babasinho went with the young men to their house.

"I'm come to receive your congratulations on my betrothal, senhõra," he said, approaching the lady, who, as usual, was at a window of her room, looking at the sights in the Rua Direita, and had seen Babasinho enter the house.

"I was coming to tender them to you at your palace, senhõr, and to say how overjoyed I am at your good fortune—a whole island worth 2,000 pardaos a-year, I'm told," replied Dona Clara, without, however, looking at Babasinho or any way changing her position at the window.

"I would marry her even if she had no fortune."

"No doubt you would because she's much more beautiful and very much younger."

"Because she's virtuous."

"And I vicious, of course."

Babasinho, who had these many years been accustomed to this sort of language from her, thought it best to withdraw, which he did, saying, "You'll be sorry some day, *senhõra*, for treating me thus—goodbye!"

The lady made no reply. As the young man proceeded homewards, pondering on her ungracious behaviour, he became aware that there was coming over him a sudden revulsion of feeling towards this woman, whom hitherto, in spite of her unkind treatment of him all these years, he had loved as a brother, simply because she had once nursed him through a dangerous illness; and as he had to pass by the Inquisition House he thought he might as well call on his uncle and tell him about it.

Frei Jacinto was with the masons, supervising their work, and had actually a trowel in hand, but he hurried towards his nephew no sooner he saw him, and on hearing of Dona Clara's irreconcilable attitude could not help saying, "Then my dream...." Fortunately he checked himself in time, and Babasinho added:

"Could not have been as strange as mine, *padretio*, for I dreamt that I saw Tulsi pulling out people from hell——"

"Hush! don't tell her about it," interrupted the friar.

"I've told her already, padre-tio, and she assured me that there was nothing better she should like to do, if there was any hell at all——"

"Hush! hush!" broke in the friar again, with a scared look. "Let her not speak of such matters in the presence of others. Mestre Ladru was arrested this morning for having declared before some fidalgos, one of whom was a *familiar*, that there was no hell, and that he didn't care if there was any. He cares only for Mammon, I know, and robbed many an honest fellow in the name of Viceroy Dom Garcia, whose cook or *mordomo** he was."

"I'm sorry, padre-tio, David and Salomão were present when Tulsi spoke on the subject," Babasinho hastened to say, having himself taken alarm in consequence of Mestre Ladru's arrest.

"What say you!" gasped the astonished friar, turning deathly pale; "then it must be known to all Dom Jayme's household—and my dream must be true!"

"I daresay it is known—what was your dream, padre-tio?" asked Babasinho anxiously.

"Never mind, never mind—we must not believe in dreams—but go and tell Tulsi not to speak on this hell matter to anyone, now that she's a Christian—or we'll all come to grief. Belief in the existence of hell is one of the fundamental doctrines of the Church, as I have told her many a time. Go quick, my good nephew, and warn her." And the

* Steward.

friar waved away Babasinho, who returned home, after a short interview with his betrothed, who was horrified to hear that Mestre Ladru* had been arrested for not believing in hell.

CHAPTER XVII

BABASINHO AT THE COURT OF VIJAYANAGAR

At the time of our story the Deccan was divided into five Mahomedan kingdoms or sultanates—Bijapur, Ahmednagar, Berar, Golconda, and Bidar—of which Bijapur was the largest and most powerful and Bidar the smallest and least powerful. They were continually fighting among themselves or with Vijayanagar, the greatest Hindu kingdom in Southern India, rather in the whole of India. In the last war with Ahmednagar the Vijayanagar

* This Mestre Ladru, whose arrest for not believing in hell created a sensation as great as that of a rich Christian Jew for not eating pork, was an old Kanarim reprobate hated by all the citizens of Goa. He had been cook to Viceroy Dom Garcia de Noronha, Albuquerque's unprincipled nephew, and been knighted in recompense for his having fed that viceroy for nothing, which indeed had cost the cook nothing, because he had made every dealer give him provisions for nothing, under His Excellency's orders, you may be sure. Such at least was the belief among the people of Goa, who were ready to believe anything against Mestre Ladru, knowing him to be a rogue, or against Dom Garcia, who had been no better and used to resell offices and trading licenses without returning the money of the first purchasers. At the time of his arrest Mestre Ladru, whom the malevolent people refused to call Dom Ladru notwithstanding his right to the title, had been keeping a *psada* for fashionable folk, one of whom had now turned Judas and betrayed him to the Inquisitors. Even otherwise he could not have evaded their clutches for long because, having prospered too well, he believed in neither heaven nor hell and when in his cups spoke his mind freely.

army had behaved so outrageously—desecrating mosques, violating women, and committing other atrocities—that the Mahomedan princes were forming a coalition for the purpose of wreaking vengeance upon the Hindus and crushing them once for all. Jealousy of their ever-increasing power and racial hatred must also have been at the bottom of this formidable confederacy. Every one of the confederates, moreover, had received unpardonable insults from the reigning Rajah or his immediate predecessors. For over two centuries the rulers of Vijayanagar had defied the Mahomedans, and their frequent successes, culminating in the great victory of Raichur (1520), had made them extremely arrogant. For instance, after that victory Krishna Deva Raya had, as a condition of peace, demanded that the vanquished Sultan of Bijapur should come and kiss the victor's foot. Again, on the conclusion of the last war the reigning Rajah had treated like servants both his enemy of Ahmednagar and his ally of Bijapur.

The Portuguese took no part in these wars, but the subjugation of Vijayanagar, besides depriving them of the only faithful and powerful ally in India, would have given the deathblow to their trade, already hard hit by the fatal consequences of the siege of Diu; and the Viceroy was determined upon preventing such a calamity at all costs. Babasinho was accordingly sent in hot haste to apprise the Rajah of Vijayanagar of these friendly intentions and to promise him a thousand Portuguese troops to serve in the impending conflict. In view of the

millions that would be fighting on each side, this number might have appeared contemptible, but Europeans enjoyed then a military reputation so high that a thousand of them were considered equivalent to an army of Indians. Our hero had a definite flair for diplomacy, which, coupled with his gentle disposition and knowledge of the Indian vernaculars, made him a suitable envoy. In that age Indian princes vied with one another in making their embassies as imposing as possible. (The one sent from Vijayanagar to congratulate Dom João de Castro on the relief of Diu had been gorgeous beyond description). The Portuguese did not follow their example, unless some important object was to be gained, as when in December, 1562, the Viceroy himself, with an armada of 140 ships carrying 4,000 men, had gone to Calicut in order to impress its refractory prince with the extent of Portuguese resources, though ostensibly to ratify a treaty. So Babasinho might have been sent with a few attendants, but the road not being safe from bandits he was given ten Portuguese soldiers and twenty stalwart Caffres.

Vijayanagar was then at the zenith of her power. And how great that power was can be gauged from the fact that her standing army consisted of one million foot, 50,000 horse and 2,000 elephants, and that the Rajah had 12,000 concubines! And, like Goa, this city also used to attract traders and travellers from all parts of the world; but the Hindu capital, unlike the Portuguese, was a haven of peace and security. In support of this statement it

will be better to quote a Portuguese authority instead of any other: "In the streets of Vijayanagar," says Duarte Barboza, "there thronged an innumerable crowd of all nations and creeds; for, besides many Moorish merchants and traders, an infinite number of others flock there from all parts, who are able to come, dwell, trade, and live very freely, and in security, without anyone molesting them, or asking or requiring of them any account of whence they come, or in what creed they live, whether they be Moors, Christians, or Gentiles.... Strict justice and truth are observed towards all."

The distance between Goa and Vijayanagar was some 200 miles and the journey took ten to fifteen days. Babasinho arrived at the Hindu capital late one evening during the Divali festival, when the whole city was a blaze of light and looked more like a fairyland. But next morning he saw human beings moving about as thick as bees in a beehive—most of them bareheaded, barefooted, and almost naked. The few persons that were dressed had embroidered tunics, turbans, and sandals or shoes with pointed toes. The houses, every one of which had a walled compound, were rather small, excepting one here and there, which was very large and pretentious. From these there soon began coming out horses caparisoned so richly and palanquins adorned so gorgeously that a shadow of envy overspread the genial countenance of our envoy, who had fancied Goa to be the greatest city in all the Orient. But not for long was he allowed to feast his eyes on these scenes, for a messenger came to

say that the Rajah waited for him in the forty-pillared hall.

At this period Vijayanagar was under the rule of three brothers, of whom the eldest, Rama Raya, was the ablest and the actual Rajah, the nominal one being a weakling nephew of the last two rajahs (Krishna Deva Raya the Great and his brother and successor Achyuta), whom the three brothers had placed on the throne that had been usurped by Achyuta's two brothers-in-law. Rama Raya was also a son-in-law of Krishna Deva Raya and consequently a nephew of Achyuta by marriage. So there did not seem to be anything unfair in all this arrangement; and, what was more, Rama Raya had reigned well, with the assistance of his worthy brothers, whose playing second fiddles to their own father's son, and for so long as the twenty-three years that the reign lasted, is a thing perhaps unique in Indian history. The country, too, had prospered, and might have continued to prosper had the Rajah only respected more the religious feelings of his neighbours the Mahomedan princes and wounded less their amour propre; at all events the fatal battle of Talikota, which wiped out for ever the Hindu kingdom and ended his own days, would never have taken place. But, with all his great abilities, Rama Raya was no diplomat; and now at the appearance of the envoy with his small and modest retinue turned up his nose, as did also the crowd of attendant officers and courtiers. Though the necessity of maintaining a large force of cavalry constrained the Rajah to be on good terms

with them (they supplied him annually with 13,000 horses), the Portuguese were really a thorn in his side, possessing as they did several fortified places in his dominions and at every place causing serious annoyance. When, however, it came to the reading of the Viceroy's letter and the envoy's name was heard, exclamations of surprise and admiration escaped both the Rajah and all those present, Babasinho's name being as well known in the Hindu empire as in the Portuguese.

"Welcome, Excellentissimo Dom Rodrigo dos Santos, welcome a thousand times!" cried the Rajah as soon as the letter was read out, rising and readjusting his embroidered *cabaya* or long tunic with extreme self-satisfaction. "His Excellency the Viceroy does me great honour in sending to my Court one of the heroes of Diu. Your Excellency cannot be very old, for at the time of the siege you were only thirteen, and yet you won a prize for exceptional gallantry—three hundred cruzados, was it not, excellentissimo senhôr? Yes, but I would have given three thousand, and the ladies of my vast empire would have given anything to touch Your Excellency's feet!"

"Shabash! shabash!" shouted everyone present and clapped his hands at this sally of royal wit, and the Rajah went on, but in a serious tone:

"Would to Parmeshwar we had adopted Your Excellency as our son instead of that wretch Ali! Yes, Dom Rodrigo, when our son died this Ali of Bijapur, pretending to be much grieved at our bereavement, came in person to condole with us,

and my wife was so taken in that she adopted him as our son. I also was fool enough to believe in the vile hypocrite, and helped him to get some territory of the Sultan of Ahmednagar that he coveted. And now he is plotting with this very sultan to get Raichur and Mudgal from me, and had the audacity to send an emissary demanding their restoration. I kicked the emissary out, as I would have kicked his employer, had he come himself. I hear that the other sultans have agreed to join him, because the Mahomedans, it seems, cannot forgive the Hindus such excesses as they committed in the late war! And what excesses, and iniquities, did not the Mahomedans commit? Why, sir ambassador, that perfidious Husain of Ahmednagar, whose base character cannot be unknown to Your Excellency's countrymen, killed in cold blood his ally's minister, whose only crime was that he had served Husain and his own master too well, though *I* say it who had insisted on his death as the price of peace, because the fellow had given me no end of trouble. Cruel and faithless barbarians! and they call themselves true believers—for believing, I suppose, in a heaven of houris and carnal pleasures! And they call us idolaters—when the highest aspiration of every Hindu is to rest in the bosom of God! Not that I care for what they say or do—I defy them! Know, Dom Rodrigo, so vast is my empire that it cannot be measured and so many are the vassal princes in it that they cannot be counted; and every one of them—let me but give the word—will come running to defend me

and the religion and culture of which I am the guardian. But no, I can fight my foes alone; I can easily bring into the field ten million fighting men, to say nothing of horses, elephants and camels. And here, Excellency, are my good and gallant brothers to lead the armies and to see that every Hindu does his duty by his king and country."

So saying His Majesty rose and embraced his brothers, and the three of them and all the officers began twirling their mustachios in the ridiculous manner so peculiar to Indians, whether rajahs or ryots. No wonder a Portuguese historian was led to remark that "Hindus fight more with their tongues than their hands" and Camoens to be so severe as to attribute the greatness of Vijayanagar to her wealth rather than to the bravery of her sons.

"Pray think not, Dom Rodrigo," resumed the Rajah, sitting down and composing himself, "I am ungrateful to His Excellency the Viceroy for this mark of his friendship; but horses, horses, is all I ask—as many as you can spare—to trample the wretches underfoot and to burst their guts—to burst their guts!"

And again His Majesty stood up and would have repeated the same antics, but the excitement proved too much for his age—it was over ninety-four then—and he withdrew to his private apartments, after taking a hasty leave of the envoy and giving orders that he should be treated with all honour during his stay at the capital.

The orders, however, were hardly necessary, for

no sooner was his name known than Babasinho began to be lionized by everybody, more than any foreign envoy had ever been. The whole day the courtyard of his house was crowded with horses and palanquins of the great folk who came to see him, and who went away charmed with his personality. Babasinho not only could speak with them in their own language (Kanarese) but was as well read in their history and religion as any learned Brahman. What was more, he liked many of the Hindu customs and manners and expressed openly his admiration for their home life. Whenever he passed through the streets the people cheered him as if he were a royal visitor. Even his Caffres were made so much of that they would have gladly remained where they were instead of returning to Goa and allowing themselves to be treated like beasts. It would not be easy to say how much of the envoy's popularity was due to his engagement to a Hindu girl.

Some of the officials had been told off to show him the principal architectural works in and around the city that were built during the reign of Krishna Deva Raya, the greatest of the rulers of Vijayanagar. The first thing that he went to see was the reservoir of water constructed for irrigation purposes by the Portuguese engineer João della Ponte (a relative of the Della Ponte who built at Venice the famous *Rialto* and the *Bridge of Sighs*), whose services had been lent to Vijayanagar by the Viceroy of Goa. Then one day he saw the *House of Victory*, built in commemoration

of the great king's successful campaign against Orissa, and where the rajahs of Vijayanagar were wont to go every morning to pray before an idol guarded by the chief Brahmans of the kingdom. Another day he saw the temple of Krishnaswami and the gigantic statue of the god Vishnu in his avatar of man-lion, hewn out of a single block of granite.

Our envoy was also shown the royal palaces, in some of which he came across bedsteads of solid gold. Indeed these palaces and those of the higher nobility looked more like storehouses of gold and diamonds. And so they must have been, if we are to believe the testimony of the travellers who visited the city in the days of her prosperity. "The rich people of this country are as rich as Cræsus and other rich people of days gone by," says Philippo Sassetti. "I have seen many king's courts," declares Cæsar Frederick, "and yet have I seen none like to this Vijayanagar." Domingos Paes was so bewildered by what he saw that he imagined himself to be in a dream. After this the language of Abn-er-Razzac, the famous Arab traveller and Persian envoy to the Hindu Court, will not sound so hyperbolic: "The city of Vijayanagar is such that the pupil of the eye has never seen a place like it, and the ear of intelligence has never been informed that there existed anything to equal it in the world."

Verily there can be no exaggeration in these accounts: when the city was sacked in 1565—following on the decisive and sanguinary battle of Talikota—every soldier of the victorious allied

armies became rich for life, the famous diamond, said by travellers to have been as large as a hen's egg and which had adorned the head-dress of the proud Rajah's horse, having fallen to the share of the Sultan of Bijapur. But we may not wait to describe the wealth or splendour of the Hindu capital or to accompany the Portuguese envoy on his visits to the various objects of interest in it: fateful events are taking place at Goa, and thither we must now return.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE WOMAN WHO TURNED TRAITRESS

If a woman ever forgives the man who despises her love, Dona Clara never forgave Babasinho, and she had made repeated overtures to him. When he fell into evil courses she had seen her chance and supplied him with money, without being repaid in the coin she wanted. However, as long as he lived in the same house with her there had been hopes, but these were shattered when, after his memorable meeting with Padre Francisco in the gambling-house, he went to live elsewhere. At his going away she had said to him ironically: "Is it true that the reason of your leaving us is that you are going to be made a viscount?"—"I'm going to be made a monk, *senhõra*," Babasinho had replied, and truly enough, since he would have got himself cowed if his uncle had not objected, our hero being the only son of the family, "but I take no offence

at your taunt because I love you as if you were my sister—and you know why. To prove it, every year on your birthday I shall come and drink a glass of muscatel to your health.”

And so he had been doing these ten years, albeit on every occasion he had received only insults. Indeed she would have poisoned him if she could have mustered courage enough. But Dona Clara was a coward to her finger-tips, or she might have been now living happily with that gardener's son, who had offered to marry her. Instead of accepting his offer she had suffered the child that was born to be strangled and herself to be shipped off to India—to be there miserable for life. Thanks to the vigilance of Dom Jayme's spies and roughs, all her attempts at inveigling passers-by had proved dismal failures, and had ended on her finding this note on her table one morning: “The next murder shall be followed by your own.” How the wretched woman had trembled! There she is now, brooding over her misery. Truly her case does deserve some pity.

Though the Inquisitors came to Goa in 1560, the building intended for their office and victims having needed considerable additions and alterations it was not until two years later that their actual work had begun. But already more than a hundred arrests had been made, thus justifying the Fathers of Saint Paul* in their insistent petitions for the

* There was no denying anything to these pugnacious Fathers, who were then overshadowing every other religious Order in the East and were known as *Paulists*, a word that among the common people came to signify supermen, because they were thought able to build a church or convent in a single night.

establishment of the Holy Office in Goa. The first of these petitions had been made so far back as 1546 by Saint Xavier, who, however, did not live to see the disastrous consequences of it, for religious intolerance was one of the main factors that precipitated the downfall of the Portuguese Empire in the East. Why, certain critics hesitate not to assert that this downfall began from the very day the Saint set foot on the shores of Goa.

Besides making so many arrests in a short time, the Inquisitors succeeded in impressing the Government and the people with their own importance. The Government in truth had recently suffered a signal defeat in a pitched battle over the Dalada (Buddha's tooth), which in 1560 had been brought away from Ceylon by the Portuguese in hopes that all the Buddhists would flock to Goa and keep her coffers full with offerings. And it might well have been so, had not the Grand Inquisitor interfered, being determined to root out every superstition in the land save those of his own co-religionists. "How can Your Excellency suffer an atheist's tooth to exist at all?" he asked the Viceroy, the good and wise Dom Constantino de Braganza. Poor Buddha had believed in neither God nor immortality, in neither heaven nor hell—in none of these four dogmas of the Christian Church. In vain did Dom Constantino argue that the Government would go bankrupt unless some immediate relief was forthcoming, and that the relic, if too unholy to keep in a Christian country, could be sold to the pagan King of Pegu, who was prepared to

pay one hundred thousand pounds for it and to supply the Portuguese garrison at Malacca with provisions for all time into the bargain. The Archbishop also had ventured to add a few words to the same purpose, for in those days the clergy were maintained wholly by the State. The Grand Inquisitor was adamant. "Delenda est Dalada!" he thundered out, raising a warning finger, and the good and wise Dom Constantino, in spite of enjoying such high favour with his Sovereign that he had been given the option of continuing as Viceroy for life, thought it wise to carry out this fiat, for the royal injunctions to him were that implicit obedience should be rendered to the Holy Office: so in the presence of the people and public authorities the obnoxious tooth was duly pounded into powder and burnt to ashes!

After this singular event, and as the result of it, the Grand Inquisitor naturally came to be looked upon as greater than the Viceroy, which really did not matter much, for the Viceroy, as the head of an impotent and corrupt administration, was already being despised. What did matter was that many persons began to feel that next to the pleasure of going to heaven there was nothing like the pleasure of hunting up people suspected of going to hell and getting them burnt. Everybody knew roughly the meaning of heresy and all that was needed to arrest and convict a heretic. The number of the *familiars* of the Inquisition had reached a hundred, Dom Jayme and other *fidalgos* of note being among the number.

Everyone knew what heresy was, but not everyone knew that disbelief in hell made one a heretic. Several arrests were due to this ignorance on the victims' part. And so David and Salomão, without suspecting any harm, told the whole story of their interview with Tulsibai to their mothers in the presence of all the servants and slaves.

"If there's no hell we can do what we like!" said one of the Kanarim servants.

"How dare you say that, you naughty girl!" exclaimed another of the Kanarim servants. "Don't you know they have seized Mestre Ladru for saying there is no hell?"

"Am I saying so?" retorted the other. "I'm only saying——"

"*Chip*, you slut! You believe in hell and yet always act as if you didn't. Now go to your work, every one of you," said Inez, who had taken alarm, for she was sincerely devoted to Babasinho. And so was Delicioza also; and they both warned their sons not to say a word of this hell matter to any living soul.

The news, however, had already reached the ears of Dona Clara, who saw at once that an unexpected circumstance had placed in her power the very girl for whose love (as she fancied) her own had been scorned by Babasinho, and how easily she could revenge herself upon them both. But what if she be discovered and Dom Jayme——. Here a shuddering fear seized the would-be traitress, and she paused in her guilty lucubrations, for ever since old Jacobus died (two years after his *charmer's* flight)

Dom Jayme had been friends with Krishnarao, and there was no saying what he might not do. Yet it was hard to give up this idea of revenge and she began to argue with herself: "Why should I be afraid? I need only say a word to Padre Falcão in confession and he will do everything. Since hundreds of people know the secret, why should *I* alone be suspected? And nobody has any suspicion of my enmity to the *viscount*. Yes, no harm can come to me, and I *will have* my revenge, at least upon one of the men who have made my life so miserable; and God knows how miserable it has been, as even the Caffres will not have me, for fear of that brute. But I must act immediately or my courage might fail me. Luckily it's Saturday, the only day when Padre Falcão sits to hear confession." Accordingly the woman made up her mind and went for confession, in a covered palanquin, it being a wet evening and because she did not want to be seen.

The place where Padre Falcão, the Grand Inquisitor, heard confession was the chapel attached to the Inquisition House and to which only people of rank were admitted. Dona Clara was one of the first to arrive there that evening and the first to be attended to at the Grand Inquisitor's confessional.

"I've been a great sinner, reverend Father," she began, kneeling by the priest, "and...."

"So are we all, my daughter," remarked the priest, seeing the lady hesitate, "but God is merciful to such sinners as repent. What sins have you committed?"

"And I feel I'm going to die, Father!"

"Don't be afraid, my daughter, or despair of pardon," said the confessor compassionately, for he saw that the confessant trembled and that her teeth chattered. "What are your sins?"

"A great many, Father, but I would gladly serve the Church."

"How?"

"By denouncing her enemies!"

"Who are they?" inquired the priest quickly, growing interested.

"If thereby I could expiate my sins."

"You could, you could—who are the enemies? Come to the point at once. There are two other ladies waiting for me, and I have not much time to spare....Who are the enemies?" asked again the Inquisitor impatiently as no answer was forthcoming.

"Tulsibai, the goldsmith's daughter," said the traitress at last, and waited for Padre Falcão to speak, who, however, was quite taken aback and remained silent some moments. He had great respect for Frei Jacinto, as a man though not as a colleague; but then Inquisitors, he reflected, ought not to be respecters of persons or deprive their own holy institution of its legitimate dues, which in the present case might be enough for its up-keep in full dignity—if the Government went bankrupt, as it threatened to do—and he asked:

"What has she done?"

"There is no hell, she says."

"She may have said it before her conversion."

"No, she said it this morning, Father," replied

the wicked woman emphatically, and narrated the facts with which the reader is already acquainted.

"It's the worthy spouse of Dom Jayme then that I have had the honour of speaking with all this while!" said the Inquisitor slowly, when the lady had finished her account, peering with great curiosity through the perforated panel of the confessional. "On what footing does your *dear* husband stand with Frei Jacinto, good senhõra?"

"They've been no great friends since Frei Jacinto left off being our family confessor, now ten years past."

"And with Dom Rodrigo dos Santos?"

"To tell you the truth, reverend Father, my *dear* husband does not care for *anyone* in the world!" sighed the neglected wife.

"Does he not care for his *dear sons*?" asked Padre Falcão maliciously.

"He does, he does, I had forgotten it—excuse me, Father," Dona Clara hastened to say.

"And they are like *tigers*, I'm——"

"They are, they are, leave them alone, good Father, or let's leave this matter altogether," broke in the wretched woman, as the possibility of an attack from the *tigers* flashed through her mind, for since her foiled designs on their chastity David and Salomão hated the woman openly.

"If we leave it now the consequences to you will be very serious and might hasten your death!" Padre Falcão warned her sternly.

Dona Clara gave a strangled cry, and gasped, "What shall I do?"

"Find me five eyewitnesses or ten hearsay ones to prove the charge against the goldsmith's daughter."

"I thought you would arrange all that, good Father," said the lady in despair.

"I will, I will, *senhõra*—don't worry—after I have seen how many witnesses can be found among your servants," he reassured her.

"Only two or three would not be afraid to give evidence, if I paid them well," whispered Dona Clara feebly.

"There will be many among their acquaintance who also would not be afraid, and a *familiar* of the Holy Office will help you to find them. Yes, use your money freely that the murders may be atoned for—before you die!...yes, before you die!" repeated the cruel tormentor, seeing that no answer came from the lady, who was taken so unawares that after remaining silent a good while she stammered out rather unthinkingly :

"What murders?—I—I had no hand—in any one—of them—I swear—by all—that's sacred."

'But you were the cause of *every one* of them, good *senhõra*. Confess—unless you want to go to hell!" rejoined the relentless Inquisitor, determined to force a confession of her guilt.

"Have pity on me, good Father, and I shall do everything as you tell me," sighed the guilty woman in the most abject manner imaginable.

"Yes, do everything as I tell you and all will be well, for money, like charity, can cover a multitude of sins: thank God for it, and come here again

next Saturday. Go away now," said the confessor, but as the lady did not move off he asked, "Do you expect absolution?"

"Yes, if you please, good Father."

All this while Frei Jacinto had been on tenter-hooks. From his own confessional he had seen Dona Clara enter the chapel and go to the Grand Inquisitor's. There was nothing very strange in this because everyone when in trouble used to go to Padre Falcão, he being very learned in the laws, civil as well as ecclesiastical; but connected with that day's happenings it became significant; and full of forebodings as he was already, owing to the dreadful dream he had had, nameless fears now seized the poor friar, fears that were fully confirmed that very night when the two priests met at supper.

The Grand Inquisitor was not required to take his colleagues into his confidence unless he himself wished it, but Padre Falcão that night studiously avoided all official matters and also avoided looking at his colleague. There seemed to be no doubt that Tulsibai had been denounced as a heretic, and Frei Jacinto could do nothing to save her. Neither he nor the second Inquisitor had any voice in such matters, their duty being simply to carry out the orders of the Grand Inquisitor, in whom was vested all the power. And what if he did have a voice? The wisest heads in Christendom had found hell necessary for man's salvation, or, figuratively, the Church was founded on hell and purgatory no less than on heaven. But even if he argued with a prophet's conviction against such a necessity it

would not help the victim, and he himself would have to perish into the bargain: that would be suicidal. Could he not tell the Grand Inquisitor that the poor child had spoken in fun—that she was full of fun? What! spoken in fun on religious subjects? Why, that in itself deserved the stake. No, he would fall at Padre Falcão's feet and implore his mercy! What madness again! Had he not lately tried to plead for some new Christians, accused of making *jadhoo* (magic tricks), because they had appeared to him too wretched to deserve the honour of being burnt at the stake? And how had Padre Falcão taken it? He had cut him short with these words: "Brother Jacinto, you would have done well as an advocate of criminals; unfortunately you have been appointed judge!"

The whole night the friar racked his brains trying to find some loophole to escape through, but when the morning broke none had been found. He then did the only thing he could do, namely, took secret measures to keep himself informed of what went on at Dom Jayme's house. Alas, sooner than was expected he learnt with inexpressible horror that his fears were founded all too well. The discovery of the plot so unnerved the unfortunate friar that he resigned himself silently to his fate and said not a word even to those most concerned, as indeed he could not without being himself punished as a traitor. He would not die as a traitor, but as a martyr—he and those dearest to him, excepting his poor sister, who would survive to mourn over them, but it was her lot always to mourn! And big tears

rolled down the old man's cheeks! No, no—he thought again and wiped the tears on the dirty sleeve of his working cassock—no, she would join them soon and they would all be happy together!

The first thing that Dona Clara did after returning home was to explain her helpless position to her three confidential servants and to entreat them to save her. The servants were not sorry to see their mistress again in trouble, for during the last two years they had received nothing besides their paltry pay. It was useless trying to find witnesses among Dom Jayme's servants or slaves. The Caffres were all for Frei Jacinto, and the others unlikely to meddle with anything in which Dom Jayme's despised wife had a hand: they knew the master too well!

But professional witnesses, styling themselves *Defenders of the Faith*, were to be found in plenty on the steps of the Cathedral, where they played at dice or cards while waiting for custom. Their number had so increased since the Inquisition was established that their fee had come down from three *tangas* to one *tanga* or twopence. But a twopence in those good old days went a long way anywhere in the world: at Goa, according to Francis Pyrard who had lived there two years, it was sufficient to maintain a person for a month; and this cheapness was what had induced Ralph Fitch to say that he would like to return to that city, albeit he had been imprisoned there as a spy and had narrowly escaped the strappado. Now judging from the high stakes for which they played, these professional witnesses

must have been comfortably off. At any rate they looked upon themselves as the most respectable class of the citizens, and were extremely touchy where their self-esteem was concerned. For instance, if you went and said point-blank to one of them, "Here take this tanga and be a witness for me," he would certainly retort, "Who are you to speak so disrespectfully to a respectable gentleman like me?"

It was in dealing with these *respectable gentlemen* that the Inquisition official recommended by Padre Falcão became very useful. How much of the money taken from the traitress by the official as the *respectable gentlemen's* fees went to swell his own pockets will never be known, but the job was done quickly and thoroughly, so that on the following Saturday she was able to give to the Grand Inquisitor the names and addresses of the ten witnesses he wanted. Three witnesses were her own servants and the others their friends or acquaintances, who one day had been introduced into the house for the purpose of hearing the story for themselves while it was being discussed among the servants.

Yet Dona Clara came away from the Inquisition House full of hatred of Padre Falcão and full of remorse for the great wrong she was doing to the man who loved her as a brother and to the girl whom everyone loved. On reaching home she began to abuse the servants for no reason and to speak as though she were haunted by her victims. "There's Tulsibai, like Sita, undergoing the ordeal by fire to prove her innocence!—Who cries?—my strangled

child—cries for vengeance!—Ai!—cries for vengeance!—Why don't you kiss my hand now as you used to when you were my little page?—Am I gone old and ugly?—Dead perhaps?—Everything finished?—*Consummatum est?* as the cursed padres, who have brought this curse upon me, are fond of saying?—*Consummatum est!*—*Consummatum est!*”

And the wicked woman kept repeating these words as she prostrated herself upon the floor and lay there like one about to die!

CHAPTER XIX

TULSIBAI IS ARRESTED BY THE INQUISITION

Krishnarao, having decided to retire from practical affairs, was leaving his business to the man who had contributed most to its success, and who was no other than his sister's husband Kashinath. The bulk of the jewellery used to be made by him in his native village of Britona, on the other side of the river and still noted for its goldsmiths, where both living and labour were cheaper than in the city. This arrangement had enabled Krishnarao to sell his wares at large profit and in a few years to amass a fortune, whereas Kashinath, having been satisfied with a small remuneration for himself and his assistants, had remained comparatively poor, a circumstance that had always troubled Krishnarao's conscience. Mistrust of goldsmiths, who are popularly supposed to cheat on the scales their own parents, had prevented Krishnarao from making his

brother-in-law a partner in the business, but all along he had intended doing him justice some day. So now he was leaving him also his landed property, with the exception of the isle of Divar, which formed Tulsibai's marriage portion.

Kashinath therefore had come over with his whole family, consisting of his wife, four sons, and three daughters, and any number of dependent relatives. They were all eager to be baptized, particularly a fair grandniece of his, who had become a widow at the age of ten, for baptism would leave her free to remarry; but Tulsibai wanted them first to be fully acquainted with the Christian doctrines and the best of the Bible stories. Her young cousins had so impressed Frei Jacinto with their intelligence and dutiful behaviour that every day he was coming to the house and passing a couple of happy hours in their company.

The family had now been over a month in the city when one day, as they were sitting to their midday meal on the floor, Tulsibai, who was waiting upon them, placed an extra plantain leaf-plate and kept loading it with every course that was served.

"For whom is that, child?" asked Krishnarao in some surprise.

"Know you not, father, that since last night Padre Mestre has been in our house? More than once has he whispered to me, 'Your dear mother has sent for you, little beauty!'" replied the daughter, looking unusually sad and serious.

The family exchanged glances with one another

knowing how the girl was apt to see things invisible to themselves, and the girl continued: "You may not see him, but there he is, seated among you, all the same. Look, pussy is gone near and is purring to him. He loved the little thing and the little thing would never scratch him if he caressed me or took my hands into his. Maybe, father, *you* cannot see him because when last he was with us you, dear father, were rather impatient with him over the doctrine of karma, insisting that Jesus had believed in it; and he went away in anger. I'm not sure I do not feel as you do, but I think, dear father, that in such doubtful cases we should submit to our spiritual superiors. Nor does it matter in the least whether we believe or not in karma. Enough for us to follow the law; and all the law is fulfilled in this one sentence of Jesus—'Love thou thy neighbour as thyself'—and not, as the Vedas have it, in a thousand philosophical speculations."

"You are right, child, and sorely grieved am I that the Saint should have parted from me in anger. Henceforth I shall do as you advise, for I feel now as you feel, my daughter," rejoined Krishnarao in his most affectionate manner.

When the meal was about ended, Tulsibai said abruptly: "Dear father, often have you spoken of your longing to see my mother, and the same longing is come upon me suddenly. Is it any wonder, dear father? I remember nothing of her sweet face. How unhappy for a child not to remember its own mother's face! But now that she has sent for me, what if ere you retire from business I

should—O father—go to join her?” And she began to touch the feet of everyone present, sighing, “Forgive me! forgive me!”

“Child! child!” cried Krishnarao, rising, “it is wrong of you to give way to such thoughts, and hard on us, particularly on the poor young man who has been waiting these ten years to wed you.”

“I’m stabbing thee, I know, thine own child is stabbing thee! Would to God she could help it!—but her hour is come. Forgive her, forgive her, father, fa——.” And Tulsibai broke down completely and fell on her father’s neck. And at the same instant there was a loud knock at the private entrance gate, followed immediately by cries of “Help! help! help!”

On inquiry it appeared that an official of the Holy Office had called, but after knocking at the gate had run away for some unaccountable reason. The incident, coinciding with Tulsibai’s strange behaviour, could not but alarm the family; and her young cousins, who had promised themselves some innocent enjoyment at her marriage, started crying. Tulsibai, however, had recovered from her sorrowful emotion to a certain extent and was trying to eat something in the company of her female relatives, who were chaffing her and saying it was the bridegroom’s absence that made the bride ill.

“But the bridegroom will soon return and we shall have a happy time of it when he marries our rani,” smiled the favourite aunt, in whose lap Tulsibai was lying.

"Yes, auntie, the bridegroom will return—when the bride is clasped in the arms of Agni!" sighed Tulsibai, throwing her own arms about the aunt's neck. "How my heart bleeds for thee, and for poor grannie!" she went on, looking at her grandmother who lay prostrate at her feet. "Verily, grannie, thy words are coming true—mine hour is come!"

And no sooner had she said this than again a knock was heard at the gate, followed by several cries for help.

On going out they found on the road Padre Francisco Marques, the second Inquisitor, lying unconscious near a palanquin. The people, suspecting the motive of his presence there, had not cared to help him but had fled when they saw him fall. Frei Jacinto, however, soon appeared on the scene, and the men he brought attended to the Inquisitor, while he himself entered Krishnarao's house.

"Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!" he exclaimed, embracing the goldsmith. "To suffer unjustly is a blessing rarely vouchsafed to men. God now vouchsafes it to thee, my dearest and most honoured friend. His will be done! Where's the poor child? where's the dear angel? Take me to her, take me to her."

On seeing the friar Tulsibai rose from her aunt's lap and advancing towards him said faintly, "I'm coming, padre-tio."

"I knew thou wouldst come, dear child, dear

angel," stammered out Frei Jacinto, taking Tulsibai's hands into his and kissing them reverently. Why shouldst thou not? Thou art going to be given the work for which thy heart hath ever been yearning. Last night in sleep I saw thee washing Christ's feet while the Virgin Mother had her hand caressingly on thy head, and all the celestial hosts were looking on in wonder. Pity thou canst not take us with thee. Pity we must part, in sorrow; but we shall meet soon, in joy everlasting! Pray for us meanwhile, dearest child, dearest angel, pray for us, and—forgive me! forgive me!" gasped the old man, making superhuman efforts to keep himself from falling and to suppress the feelings that were choking him.

The family had not suspected that such a dreadful fate as the friar's words implied could be impending over the girl, and as he led her out to the palanquin that was waiting to bear them away they broke out into loud lamentations, rent by the aunt's frantic cries, "My rani! my rani!"

The news of Tulsibai's arrest spread sorrow and consternation throughout the city. What if few Christians of rank knew her in person and not very many by sight, never was a royal princess so loved by her own people as was this goldsmith's daughter by the people of Goa, by Europeans no less than by Indians. Whatever they may have seen or heard of the arbitrary proceedings of the Holy Office, the people had been utterly unprepared for such iniquitous treatment of innocent girls, least of all of Tulsibai, whom they looked upon as a public

benefactress, if not as a saint. Scores of the sick or the hungry daily sought and found relief at her hands, while hundreds had become Christians after hearing her chant the *Padre Nosso*. But not one of these extenuating circumstances had availed her before the inexorable Inquisitor.

Camoens, grieved beyond words and determined on seeking the Viceroy's intervention, hastened first to consult his venerable friend Dr. Garcia da Orta.* The doctor, who had not forgiven the Inquisitors their inhuman treatment of his late colleague Jeronimo Dias, was as grieved as the poet at this new outrage, and readily accompanied him to the palace.

"What damned devil dares to vex our friend now?" cried the Viceroy, seeing Camoens's rueful face and recollecting the first line of his rhyming petition to himself against *Fios-Seccos*, "What devil is so damned."

"No damned devil will dare to vex our friend so long as Your Excellency is here," answered Dr. Orta, "but the devil of the Inquisition——"

"Hush! It's not safe to speak against the Inquisition," interposed the Viceroy, looking around. "Curse it!" he added bitterly, and asked, "What have they done?"

* A few months previous to Tulsibai's arrest Dr. Orta had published his famous *Colloquios dos Simples e Drogas da India*, with an Introductory Ode by Camoens extolling the work and declaring that its author had surpassed Chiron himself in the art of healing—an opinion that posterity has endorsed, for the *Colloquios* is now regarded as a landmark in the history of medical science, and four years ago, at Sotheby's, London, a copy of its first edition fetched no less than £340.

"Arrested an angel—Tulsibai, the goldsmith's daughter."

"Tulsibai whom young Rodrigo is to marry? What has the poor menina done?" asked His Excellency with unfeigned concern.

"Miracles, to prevent her arrest—raised up a saint, whom the fellows called Satan and fled, till Frei Jacinto went and brought the girl away quietly in a palanquin."

"Saint or Satan, I would be afraid to face either," said the Viceroy with a look to suit the words. "But what are the charges against the menina? Some harmless words like those uttered by His Highness Dom Ladru—eh?"

"We shall never know," answered Camoens, "unless Your Excellency intervene——"

"And arrest the Inquisitors?" asked His Excellency, looking daggers about him. "And gladly too would I do it if I had the power and if His Majesty had not warned me against the devils. You know how the other day they seized that Benjamin of unblemished character who had been provoked into saying that, although a Christian, he could never bring himself to eat pork. And he had, moreover, subscribed a thousand pardaos out of the twenty thousand that had been sent to Dom João de Castro at Diu. Think you I did not feel for him, or do not feel now for young Rodrigo? But I am helpless, as helpless as my predecessor was in the case of the Dalada. Then it was 'Delenda est Dalada!' now it may be 'Delendus est Redondus!' You're laughing, doctor, but I actually

hear the threat and feel myself inclined to laugh, though it's no laughing matter to me. Nor was it to poor Constantino. Would he have given up his office or those hundred thousand pounds, some of which would naturally have found their way into his pockets? 'Better luck attend you, friend Count!' he said to me solemnly; 'but I found the position simply untenable. Think of the Inquisitor's raising a warning finger to me! And—would you believe it?—to placate the fellow I pretended in the long-run to like the notion of destroying the tooth and struck a medal to commemorate the event, an event that had humbled me to the dust!' That is exactly what Dom Constantino said to me, and I believe him. Now, when a member of the royal family thought it expedient to act in this obsequious manner, what can you expect from a mere count? I shall, however," pursued His Excellency, seeing that his friends were speechless with disappointment, "write and ask the Inquisitor, as a personal favour, to permit us to witness Tulsibai's trial. Our presence might prevent him from going to extremes."

The Viceroy had hardly done speaking when the captain of the city (known generally as the *commandant*) stalked in to say that the Caffres, greatly excited over Tulsibai's arrest, had gathered in large numbers round the Inquisition House and that the Inquisitor had asked for troops to disperse them. "It is as well that Dom Rodrigo is away," proceeded the commandant, "for I can assure Your Excellency that the Caffres are so blindly devoted

to him and Frei Jacinto that they would not hesitate to pull down the Inquisition House."

"And, frankly, commandant, would you prevent them?"

"Frankly, Excellency, I would not."

"And yet we must prevent them, good commandant—more's the pity! But see that the poor fellows come to no harm."

"Always glad to obey Your Excellency's commands," replied the commandant and bowed himself out, as did also Camoens and his friend.

The Caffres at Goa numbered thousands. They were branded like oxen and otherwise treated far worse. One man alone had pleaded for them with their masters—the good Frei Jacinto; hence their devotion to Babasinho, who, on his part, had ever been kind to them. On going over to the Inquisition House with a body of cavalry the commandant realized that it would be impossible to dislodge the Caffres without shedding blood. In vain did he declare repeatedly that all of them would be trampled to death if they did not disperse at once.

"We prompt to die! prompt! prompt!" they vociferated, snapping their fingers in the air, till one of the men, seeing the commandant waver, stepped forward and said: "Let Frei Jacinto come and tell us to disperse, and we shall obey, senhôr commandant."

Without answering a word the commandant dismounted and entered the Inquisition building. There he found Frei Jacinto lying in a semi-conscious state, the terrible ordeal he had undergone that afternoon

having brought on a paralytic stroke. Thankful that the Caffres knew nothing about the friar's illness the commandant secretly returned to his own quarters and sent word for his men to withdraw, excepting a handful, who were to watch developments.

CHAPTER XX

THE FOUNTAIN OF BANGUENIM

The fountain of Banguenim, which, according to one traveller, represented Lucretia out of whose wound flowed the water, was the sole source of potable water supply for the city of Goa, the well water of which, being brackish, was unfit to drink. The fountain water issued from a hillside and was taken to the city by Caffres and sold at every street turn. It would have been more economical to convey the water through pipes to the capital but it was not considered politic to deprive the Caffres of this means of earning a livelihood; and the Caffre population kept increasing to such an extent that they were becoming a serious menace to the State, having on one occasion even risen in revolt against their masters.

Though the fountain was not more than a mile away the road to it lay over a wooded hill infested by desperate starvelings, who committed murders for the sake of a few annas, and with whom the Government did not interfere from economic motives, since every murder, if it harmed one family,

benefited a number of worthy citizens, notably the poor Kanarim lawyers, who, though better educated than the Feringhee judges, were debarred from holding any other public office. When people, other than slaves, went to fetch water from Banguenim, or to bathe there, they had to do so in armed parties. Such parties were to be met with as late as midnight. It goes without saying that scarcely a day passed without a murdered or wounded man being found at the fountain or on the road that led to the same. The Government were prepared for this and acted most expeditiously: the murdered man was buried in the nearest grave, or the wounded man carried to the nearest hospital, while the orphan children, if any, were not neglected. In fact, so far as the dead or the helpless were concerned, no Government in the world could have been more humane. Says one writer: "Dead men, prisoners, slaves, cripples maimed in street brawls, and infants in arms received a regular salary."

Tulsibai's arrest not only had thrown the people into consternation but had caused a shortage of drinking water in the city, the Caffres refusing to move off from the Inquisition House round which they had taken their stand. The people were consequently forced to fetch the water themselves. When night fell large crowds with lanterns had gathered at the fountain, waiting for their turn to fill the pitchers, and were whiling away the time by giving expression to their feelings, which had been so cruelly outraged that day. One group of Hindu women were moving with measured steps

in a ring and beating their breasts wildly to these strains :—

“What have the cursed ones done to-day ?”

“What have they done ?”

“Our moon and sun they’ve taken away,
Our moon and sun.”—

“Alack a day !”

“My child is sick—what shall I do ?

My child is sick

And th’oiz * is gone—was angel too —

Who healed us quick—

What shall I do ?”

“What shall I do now she is gone

Who gave me bread ?

Gave bread and comfort every morn ?

Better be dead

Now she is gone !”

“Better be dead—all of us—soon,

O Ratnabai !

And who can live when sun and moon

Have left the sky ?—

O Death, come soon !”

Another group—Kanam Christians, men and women, some of whose friends had been arrested by the Inquisition for clinging to superstitious practices—were on their knees, invoking loudly the aid of Padre Francisco Xavier, who was supposed to be seen walking about at night whenever a calamity hung over the city :—

“Saint Francis, hear our earnest prayer

And pity our woes ;

* * Doctor.

If ever we deserved thy care,
Confound our foes!
Confound our foes!"

This had been going on for some time: it was now near midnight, when all of a sudden, a little above the fountain head on the hillside, there appeared a white figure, a lighted lantern in hand, standing quite motionless! The people who had prayed for the confusion of their enemies were themselves so confounded at the apparition that they took to their heels, shrieking, "Saint Francis! Saint Francis!" and leaving their water chatties behind, many of which were of brass or copper and formed a valuable booty for those who had practised this hoax. But nobody was the wiser for it because the idea that Padre Francisco was to be seen going about the city at night had got too strong a hold on the people's imagination, and on the following days they took good care to get the water in daytime.

Poor Ratnabai, who could have disclosed the names of these mischief-makers, lay a corpse near the fountain, having died of heart failure. She was one of the many persons living on Krishnarao's charity, and the arrest of his daughter, whom she had loved like her own child, had almost deranged her mind. "Better be dead!" she had prayed and her prayer had been answered. The villains took no notice of her, being too busy collecting their booty.

"Lame Pedru deserves to be our captain for this," said one of the malcontents of the gang,

named Bold João, to another, Lame Pedru being the comrade who had hit upon this ingenious device for seizing the water vessels and which device had worked out so well, thanks to Bold João. "He's so full of resources that we should soon be rich instead of slaving for bare bread under this brainless Feringhee. Malediction on——"

He was not allowed to finish the sentence, having been done to death by the "brainless" Feringhee, who was their captain and had overheard every word in the dark without himself being seen. The death of Bold João was an irreparable loss to the gang, for whenever they ran short of provisions he would burgle banias' shops or convent stores with equal boldness: hence his name *Bold João*. He was also the fellow who had once so deftly, and without being detected, lopped off a bania's hand for not selling him things on credit, an incident that had obliged the banias to bring into use large coconut-shell ladles for dealing out articles to customers through a hole in the door. Bold João's comrades, however, deemed it wise not to express their grief before the captain* as, were it not for him, they might all have been hanged ere now.

* An old fidalgo with influential connections at home, this Feringhee *captain* did at Goa what he liked, the authorities scarcely ever meddling with him, since no fidalgo could be punished in India, and no viceroy could try to get him punished in Portugal but got himself into hot water. His name inspired such terror that once even a judicial inquiry into the murder of a rich Kanarim merchant was dropped because two of his men were implicated in the case and he had threatened to blow up the judge's house. This ringleader of outlaws bore the same name (Gaspar Correa) and died about the same year (1563) as the author of *Lendas da Índia*, as was once to be seen from a tombstone now buried under ruins; and it was perhaps owing

Next morning government coolies came and buried Bold João and Ratnabai in *one* hole, though the first was a Christian and the second a Hindu, and thought no more about it. Not so the people, who were so elated at the ruffian's death that they burnt his effigies all over the city, and then spread a rumour that his ghost with a lantern haunted the fountain.

CHAPTER XXI

TULSIBAI'S TRIAL—AND TRIUMPH

For obvious reasons the Inquisitors did not let the grass grow under their feet but fixed Tulsibai's trial for the day following her arrest. The Viceroy and the commandant were the only outsiders permitted to be present at the trial; and in their eagerness to see the prisoner, of whose beauty and intelligence they had heard such glowing accounts, turned up at the Inquisition House some time before the appointed hour. They were shown into the hall of justice, where special seats had been prepared for them. The hall was adorned with three large pictures, one of which—an oil painting—showed Inquisitor Torquemada in the act of throwing a crucifix on the table before King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella with these words: "Judas Iscariot sold Christ for thirty pieces of silver; Your

to these circumstances that for so long as three centuries and a half it was supposed that the latter must have passed away peacefully at Goa, when a Lisbon professor discovered a document proving beyond all doubt that the unfortunate historian had died a violent death at Malacca.

Majesties would sell Him for thirty thousand ducats. Here He is: go close with the offer!" (Thirty thousand ducats was the sum that the Jews had offered to pay for permission to remain in Spain). With the threatening attitude of the terrible Inquisitor and the terrified faces of the Sovereigns, so realistic was the representation that the Viceroy, struck with surprise and admiration, exclaimed, "This must be the work of a Spanish master!"—as indeed it was. The second picture—done rather crudely, and manifestly by some local artist—was a water-colour illustrating the death scene of the poor bachelor of medicine burnt for heresy in 1543; and the third a portrait in oils of Saint Dominic, founder of the Inquisition. The huge crucifix described in a previous chapter was completely veiled, since that very morning, said the man in charge of the hall.

While the Viceroy was examining the pictures a *familiar* of the Holy Office appeared before an open doorway of the hall, and, alarmed perhaps at His Excellency's presence, said to the witnesses who accompanied him, and some of whom were hesitating to enter:

"No more of these yarns now."

"It's easy enough for you to say so," muttered one of the witnesses, "but I'm a family man, and the *boyas* all swear that they saw Saint Francis at the goldsmith's house, brandishing a flaming sword!"

"And how did Ratnabai die?" asked another, getting behind the last speaker.

It was evident that the singular happenings in

connection with Tulsibai's arrest had brought about a reaction in some of the witnesses, who were all new converts full of superstitious fears.

"It's too late now to talk of these things," said the *familiar* brusquely, advancing and taking up a position behind the Inquisitors' dais, which stood in the centre of the hall.

The witnesses followed him, with furtive looks, but still kept murmuring among themselves.

At last the two Inquisitors and the fiscal with their secretaries came in, hanging down their heads, and took their seats on the dais and with their faces towards the huge crucifix, the Viceroy and his companion occupying another dais some paces behind theirs and along the wall adorned with the Torquemada picture. A dead silence followed their entrance, till it was broken by a voice that sent a strange thrill through everyone who heard it, though the voice did no more than chant the *Padre Nosso*; and presently Tulsibai entered the hall, attended by the guard and a number of the Inquisition officials. The Viceroy and the commandant, neither of whom had expected to see such transcendental loveliness as now burst upon their view, exchanged wondering glances, for Tulsibai, with her hair flowing in wavy tresses about her shoulders and her dress all bespangled with rubies and seed-pearls, looked almost like a young divinity descended from the skies.

She was made to stand right in front of the Inquisitors, who continued with bowed heads. The fiscal (prosecuting officer) then began in Portuguese :

“What is your name?”

“Luisa Francisca Xavier, but people still call me Tulsibai,” answered the prisoner without waiting for the question to be interpreted to her in Konkani.

“Why do people still call you Tulsibai?”

“Because that was my name before I became Christian.”

“Did you become Christian of your own accord or did anyone force you to it?”

“I became Christian of my own accord. So did also my father and all our relatives.”

“Why did you become Christian?”

“Because I felt convinced that Christ was the highest fulfilment of Hinduism.”

“Yet now you say and do things forbidden by the Christian religion! What is your father’s name?”

“Jacinto Francisco Xavier, but people still call him Krishnarao.”

“How many children has he?”

“I’m his only child.”

“Well, how many wives has he?”

“None.”

“Then to whom were you born?”

“My mother died when I was two years old.”

“What is your relationship to the black cat that follows you everywhere?”

“She’s my best pet.”

“And best assistant? Confess everything and you may be pardoned.”

“I’ve nothing more to confess except that our calf and many of the birds also follow me.

They'll miss me much, and, if the *senhôr fiscal* has done with his questions, I might be permitted to go home to them," begged the poor girl with a supplicating voice, turning to *Padre Falcão*, the Grand Inquisitor.

"I say again, confess everything—or you die!" cried the *fiscal*, raising his voice.

"In that case I shall form good karma for myself—by dying a death I do not deserve," rejoined *Tulsibai*, confronting the official.

"Stop her—she's uttering heresies and condemning herself!" exclaimed the Grand Inquisitor, still with his head down.

"Well now, what is the value of your father's property?" proceeded the *fiscal*.

"I do not know."

"You do not know?—the value of your father's property that must all be in this country? And yet you knew of *Padre Francisco's* death that took place thousands of miles away! How do you account for it? Once again I advise you to confess everything before it is too late. Why will you be obdurate when we are so mercifully inclined?"

"What wonder the Saint revealed himself to me before his death when otherwise he appears to me so often in dreams or visions? There now!" exclaimed the girl, while her countenance was suddenly suffused with a seraphic radiance, "there, above where His Excellency the noble Viceroy and the good commandant are seated, he's playing in the grounds of a castle on the slopes of a mountain.... and calling me.... No, no.... he's looking at me with

a sad face....and pointing to....a devil....stretching his hands....over the Grand Inquisitor!"

"Stop her! gag her! She's the devil herself!—trying to frighten us! Let her face the Image! We'll see who gets frightened," shouted the Grand Inquisitor, raising his head but trembling with passion and alarm in spite of his stout heart and vigorous constitution.

Thereupon, and as prearranged, the veil that covered the crucifix was withdrawn, when Tulsibai herself rushed towards the Image and clung to its bent knees, crying, "My Saviour! my Saviour!"—with the result that the nail of its right hand came off and falling with some force on the Inquisitors' table rebounded and struck Padre Falcão's forehead, while the hand itself, having an elastic shoulder joint, dropped gently on the girl's head.

There was nothing *very* extraordinary in all this, but coming as it did suddenly and unexpectedly the effect on guilty consciences was such that the Inquisitors and the fiscal were paralyzed with fear, and every one else of the Inquisition staff shrieked and fled from the hall. The Viceroy and the commandant, on the other hand, were more amazed than frightened.

"Surely God has given His judgment!" said His Excellency; rather the words escaped him unawares.

"Indeed, indeed," agreed the commandant, "and I'm half inclined to believe in miracles."

Tulsibai stood some moments collecting her thoughts, and then went back to her cell, chanting the *Padre Nosso*; upon which the jailors took courage to enter the hall, and removed the

Inquisitors and the fiscal, who were more dead than alive. It was given out that they had been hypnotized by Tulsibai at her trial, but that the wicked witch herself, when trying to throw down the crucifix, had received from the Image a stunning blow on her head and been carried away insensible to her room. Respecting her ultimate fate the people were left completely in the dark.

CHAPTER XXII

BABASINHO IS CAPTURED BY BRIGANDS

Babasinho had now been over a week at Vijayanagar, going about sight-seeing and enjoying the hospitality of the people, who every day were getting up some tamasha or other for his entertainment. One evening he was returning from a visit to Nagalapur, the beautiful town built by the great Krishna Deva Raya in honour of his favourite wife Nagala Devi. He was accompanied by a Hindu nobleman with an escort of sowars, and they were discoursing on love, and how in the present case it had been another proof of the greatness of this king, called by a Portuguese writer "gallant and perfect in all things." Nagala Devi had been a common courtesan but the king had married her in fulfilment of a promise, though made half in jest and before he ascended the throne.

"What a pity the rajah's last days should have been so sad!" sighed the Hindu nobleman, for both the sons of Krishna Deva Raya had died in his

lifetime, the second, in whose favour he had abdicated, having been poisoned by the minister's son.

"Yea, maharaj," answered Babasinho sympathetically, "and truly does a Greek sage say, 'Call no man happy until he is dead.' What is the title that the rajah assumed after his return from the Orissa campaign?"

"*Gajapatisaptangaharana*, which means 'appropriator of seven elements of royalty,' a title which that campaign hardly justified. So thought my father, who served under him, and that the seizure of the Raichur Doab was a greater achievement, thanks to the folly of Sultan Ismail Adil Shah who had begun the battle of Raichur in a fit of drunkenness. Five hundred countrymen of Your Excellency were slain in that one action."

"They deserved to be slain—the traitors!" exclaimed our hero with flashing eyes.

The Hindu nobleman nodded assent and proceeded: "After his defeat Ismail, though a habitual drunkard, vowed not to touch wine again till he should recover the doab, which he did within a few months of the great rajah's death. However, at the high festival held to celebrate the event he committed another folly in his cups and gave away a whole province to a brother sultan that was present. Ismail may have tried to emulate the Persian poet Hafiz, who is said to have once bartered away Samarkand and Bokara for the mole on the cheek of his mistress."

"Hafiz only declared in one of his beautiful ghazels that he would not hesitate to do so, maharaj,

"Their Majesties are not so mighty after all," muttered Babasinho between his teeth, forgetting himself for the moment and looking contemptuously upon David and Salomão, who had not once raised their eyes up to his.

"Pardon, Dom Rodrigo, pardon, babas do mighty great things to help Senhora Dona Luisa, but Inquisition arm be mighty long (everybody saying) and me advise caution—pardon, Ex'lency," pleaded the Caffre and bowed before Babasinho as if ready to suffer whatever penalty he may have incurred by his advice.

The unhappy lover had now heard enough; his worst fears had come true. For the rest of the way he spoke little beyond saying "yes" or "no" to the Hindu noble, who had not understood a word of the foregoing conversation in Portuguese, but, too well-bred to force a confidence, was making such observations as would interest the distinguished visitor, till they parted with mutual compliments.

Once alone with their good tio in his own house David and Salomão gave way to their pent-up feelings and began to sob, each holding an arm of his, while Antonio gave the particulars of Tulsibai's arrest, and concluded by saying that his young masters had vowed to rescue her or to die in the attempt, and that their mothers highly commended their devotion.

"How's the sêtt?" inquired Babasinho, struggling for breath.

"Sêtt a saint, Ex'lency, and scold us for cursin

damned Inquisitors. Saying foresee c'lamity and prompt for same, but poor auntie, Ex'lency, poor auntie...." The good Caffre hesitated to tell of the auntie's sad condition, knowing she was as dear to Babasinho as to Tulsibai.

"What about the auntie, Antonio?" demanded Babasinho in a husky voice.

"Nothing, only temp'r'ry abortion of mind, doctor certifying—but mighty awful to see!—day and night crying, 'My rani! my rani!'—poor auntie! poor auntie! poor auntie!" wailed the Caffre, while "Tio! tio!" gasped David and Salomão, embracing Babasinho who had given a groan and staggered to the nearest seat.

"Dr. Garcia promises to bring her round, tio—courage, tio!" said Salomão, but burst into tears himself.

"Yes, tio, and you know what a wonderful doctor he is," added David, who also was weeping. "At all events the good auntie is bound to recover as soon as Dona Luisa is given back to her, and it will be very easy to rescue Dona Luisa; but we mustn't lose heart, tio."

"Can't expect that, babas," said Antonio, wiping away his own tears; "your good tio mighty shaken. Nothing matter. You too—mammás' darlings—must keep out of harm's way. No, no, no!—you be apples of my eye. Me do the bad job—me beard the beastly lions in own den and snatch away the beauty lamb!—courage, Ex'lency! Yes, me do the job, me and these my val'rous brothers do! Or my name not Antonio and me not godson of mighty

mir'cle-worker Sant'Antonio! Courage, Dom Rodrigo, courage!"

That it would be easy enough to rescue Tulsibai, even without the aid of David and Salomão, Babasinho had no misgivings whatsoever. Besides these four there were some others among Dom Jayme's Caffres who also loved our hero and would be quite as ready to risk their lives for him. The jailor too was a friend of his and not above corruption. One thing alone stood in the way and caused him bitter anguish—the necessity of forsaking his own country and seeking the protection of her sworn enemy, Bijapur. But to this he had to submit because there was no other means of saving his beloved, who would certainly be sentenced to death. He made up his mind accordingly.

It being necessary to return to Goa without delay, the very next morning he went to take leave of the Rajah, who had already been apprised of the arrival of the messengers. The Rajah had delighted much in the young envoy's society and nearly every day had invited him to the palace. He was now extremely sorry to hear that urgent private affairs obliged him to go away suddenly, and having loaded him with costly presents said at parting:

"As long as the Portuguese remain my friends I can defy the coalition that the Sultan of Bijapur is forming against me."

Babasinho did not expect anything untoward to happen on his return journey, and he depended, not without reason, on the strength of his party, which

had now increased to thirty-six well-armed men. But he overlooked the fact that he carried articles of value, presented by the Rajah, and that at the Hindu capital the brigands had always spies to inform them of any travellers worth their attention.

Day after day, however, passed off without any mishap, till the party came to a place known as the *Rishi's Doab*,* because, although only a hundred acres in area, it lay (as a doab should do) between two confluent rivers and belonged to a rishi whose temporal possessions, no matter how small, the good people round about were in the habit of dignifying out of regard for his high spiritual endowments. It was while our travellers were resting one noon on the banks of a river at this doab that all of a sudden a gang of brigands and soldiers fell upon them and killed, wounded, or captured a great number. Babasinho, David and Salomão, who had separated from the party and gone to see the rishi, were the first to be attacked and seized. They had made a gallant stand but had been overpowered by superior numbers. Though the assailants had not intended hurting him Babasinho got seriously wounded in the chest, and, having fainted from loss of blood, remained unconscious for some hours. He would have been carried off but for the rishi's two

* This little estate formed part of the extensive jaghir (fief) of General Asad Khan Lari, forty years minister of the Adil Shahs of Bijapur and a great patron of learning, who had made a grant of it to the sage. After the minister's death, though the jaghir passed over to others, the rulers of Bijapur saw to it that the rishi was left in undisturbed possession of his estate.

daughters, the elder of whom said to the captain in command of the soldiers:

"If thou hast any respect for me, thou wilt leave this poor man here, to be looked after by us immediately, lest he should die—lest he should die and his blood be upon us and our house."

The captain, who was her suitor, complied with the maiden's request though not without oaths, for it was Babasinho that he had wanted rather than any other man, knowing him to be a person of consequence and likely to fetch a heavy ransom or prove a valuable hostage to his sovereign the Sultan of Bijapur.

While the sage sat lamenting that such a foul deed should have been done in his house, his daughters were busy attending to Babasinho's wound. They had seen him touch their father's feet reverently like any Indian and wondered at a Feringhee doing this, and wondered also as to who he was and whether married or single, when to their amazement they saw Tulsibai's ivory miniature hanging by a gold chain round his neck. Can we blame them if they stopped a while from their kindly ministrations to look at our heroine's beautiful image? or if a pang of jealousy shot through their hearts? Lucky woman, to have such a husband or lover! they thought.

"What's this? what's this?" ejaculated the younger girl, noticing the caste-mark on Tulsibai's forehead—a bright vermillion, though smaller than the smallest mustard-seed. "It's *tilka*—*tilka*, I'm sure, and this girl or woman might be only his concubine or a common courtesan."

"And he might still be a bachelor," added the other girl, scraping at the *tilka* to make sure it was no accidental stain.

"What! so handsome and still a bachelor?"

"Isn't Dom Rodrigo a bachelor? and he's the handsomest man in all Goa, they say."

"Then this might be Dom Rodrigo himself! Surely there cannot be a handsomer man."

"Not so loud—father might hear."

The father, too infirm to give a helping hand, watched his daughters from a corner of the room—not without some uneasiness lest they should lose their hearts to the handsome Feringhee, for which reason, when Babasinho made himself known to him, the sage had not let his daughters into the secret. The fame of our hero's valour, goodness and good looks had for years been resounding throughout the land, and the rishi's daughters since childhood had come to regard him as an ideal knight. Travellers also who happened to visit their dwelling, while denouncing the other Feringhees in unmeasured terms, had nothing but praises for Dom Rodrigo dos Santos. Yet as an orthodox Hindu the old man could not entertain the idea of a daughter of his marrying a Christian, however great or good he might be, while as a god-fearing man he could not but despise the pretensions of that ruffianly captain who with the help of brigands had succeeded in taking captive some important subjects of Vijayanagar and so had found favour in the Sultan's eyes. No, daughters of rishis invariably married into high and honourable places, and his

own, being equally lovely and accomplished, could hope to become ranis or wives of learned Brahmans.

Having dressed the wound and done whatever else was needful, the girls told their father of the miniature, and sat conversing with him about Feringhee folk in general, when Babasinho suddenly opened his eyes and sighed, "Tulsi! Tulsi!"

"That must be her name," whispered the girls to each other.

"Tulsi is quite safe, and so is Your Excellency," said the sage, going near and bending over Babasinho.

"No, no, I must go," sighed the wounded man.

"As soon as you are well, my son, not now," answered the old man soothingly; but Babasinho did not hear, having again fallen into unconsciousness or sleep.

"The wound may not prove fatal but many days will elapse before it's healed and he's able to proceed on his journey," said the rishi, more to himself. "Whoever this Tulsi be," he continued, turning to his daughters, "I cannot believe she's a slave-girl or courtesan. Good Feringhees in high society do not indulge in illicit connections, as do our people, and this Feringhee, you may rest assured, is a good one and——" but he checked himself.

"Our own hearts tell us so, father," smiled the elder girl, gazing with passionate admiration at our hero; "and, after all, the Feringhees may not be so bad as they are represented, father, for there are Dom Rodrigo and his uncle, of whom everybody speaks so highly. And was not Padre Francisco

Xavier a Feringhee? Oh we should so like to visit Goa and see things for ourselves, dear father. It's only three days' journey from here."

"We shall decide about it, my good daughters, we shall decide about it when the Feringhees are again on friendly terms with our country," replied the rishi affectionately, thinking to himself that what the maidens perhaps desired most to see at Goa was then lying helpless in their own house. It seemed doubtful, however, that the sage would ever visit that city and trust himself to the Portuguese, because of the fear that they, knowing how dear he was to his people, might make capital out of him as they had done out of Prince Abdullah the Pretender, whose person they had repeatedly promised to deliver up to the Sultan of Bijapur on this or that being done—once they demanded and obtained a part of General Asad Khan's fortune—yet every time had found some pretext for breaking their word.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE AUTO-DA-FE

It was the first formal auto-da-fé in Goa, and of all the strange things that her people had witnessed since the advent of the Portuguese, or were ever likely to witness, this was going to be the strangest. Forty days in advance and from every pulpit in town and country the following proclamation had been read out:—

"The Holy Office of the Inquisition makes known to all

faithful Christians of Portuguese India that on Sunday the eighth day of December of the present year of grace 1563 an auto-da-fé will be celebrated in this city of Goa for the exaltation of Our Holy Catholic Faith. The procession of the prisoners will leave the Palace of the Inquisition at nine o'clock in the morning, and after passing through the principal streets will enter the Church of Saint Francis d'Assisi, where a sermon will be preached and the accusations and sentences against each prisoner read out. The one hundred and eleven prisoners whose lives have been spared will then be led back to the prison-house, and the nine others, convicted of heresy or witchcraft, will be taken to the Campo de San Lazaro and there burnt at the stake in the presence of Their Excellencies the Viceroy and the Inquisitors. His Holiness the Pope grants a plenary indulgence to all who attend an auto-da-fé."

At that period the body of Saint Xavier used to be exposed on the 3rd of December every year, and, to suit the convenience of the people from the country around, the auto-da-fé had been fixed for the Sunday following the exposition. The prospect of this double ceremony had attracted immense crowds of pilgrims to the capital. The front portions of the larger houses along the streets through which the procession would pass had been taken up by the Government and allotted for the use of the foreign envoys, the religious Orders, and the chief public functionaries, the invitations to attend the auto having been issued to them in the name of the Viceroy, who, notwithstanding his own positive horror of it, was being made to play a prominent part in this Christian holocaust.

As such a large number of prisoners were to be

got ready in time for the ceremony—and many of them gone crazy from long confinement and suspense—the Inquisition staff had been astir since the first cockcrow. Whatever their sex the prisoners were all made to put on the same loose black suit with white stripes. Punctually at the hour announced and to the slow tolling of a great bell, the procession started from the Inquisition House, headed by the Dominican friars in two lines and bearing before them the resplendent standard of the Holy Office, on which was embroidered the image of Saint Peter the Martyr, one of the most famous Dominican saints and founder of the confraternity of the Inquisition, holding a sword in one hand and an olive branch in the other, with this inscription, “Justitia et Misericordia.” Behind them and in single file, but each one by the side of his sponsor, marched, bareheaded and barefooted, the eighteen penitent heretics whose lives had been spared, wearing over the coat a large scapular (called *sambenito*) made of yellow cloth and having the cross of Saint Andrew painted red before and behind. The ninety-three prisoners sentenced to lighter punishments than death came next, wearing a gray-coloured scapular (called *samarra*) and a mitre-like cap (called *carucha*), both garnished all over with flames—inverted, to denote the wearer’s narrow escape from death. Then, behind a lifted crucifix, dragged themselves the nine impenitent wretches condemned to be burnt at the stake, alive or after strangulation, wearing a *samarra* and a *carucha*, on both of which the wearer’s face and

name were blazoned in the midst of fires stoked by fiends—indicative of their terrible destiny. Next were seen, on high poles, the effigies of the heretics who had died in prison, and after each effigy a box containing their bones, which were to be burnt along with the effigies. The numerous officials of the Holy Office followed, and last of all the multitude.

After parading through the principal streets, which had been duly decorated for the occasion, the procession entered the Church of Saint Francis d'Assisi, as the cathedral was then under reconstruction on a larger scale. Built in 1521 and now one of the few buildings still standing intact in that city of ruins, this church in 1563 was the grandest in the whole of Goa. Its main altar has a life-size image of Christ Crucified, the right arm embracing an equally large image of Saint Francis d'Assisi, shown kneeling on a dais. The side altars, eight in number, are built each in an arched recess, the spandrils having on their faces the figures of angels in the act of crowning victorious heroes. This is accounted for by the fact that within the walls of this church were celebrated the early triumphs of Portuguese arms.

The Church being supposed to observe mourning on the occasion of an auto, all the altars were draped in black. To the right of the high altar a raised throne had been prepared for the Grand Inquisitor and to its left a raised dais for the Viceroy, while in the body of the church benches had been provided for the prisoners and their sponsors.

When everybody was seated Padre Marques, the second Inquisitor, approached the Viceroy and administered to him the following oath:—

“Your Excellency swears and promises by your faith and word, as a true Catholic Viceroy appointed by His Most Faithful Majesty Dom Sebastião, by the grace of God King of Portugal and Lord of the Navigation, Conquest and Trade of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and India, that you will defend with all your power the Catholic faith held and believed by the Holy Mother Church Apostolic of Rome, that you will give and order to be given the favour and aid necessary to the Holy Office of the Inquisition and its ministers, so that heretics and apostates be apprehended and punished in conformity to justice and the sacred canons, without any omission on the part of Your Excellency, nor exception of any persons, whatever may be their rank and quality.”

And the Viceroy, standing with hands on the Bible, responded: “All this I swear and promise by my faith and word.”

The same Inquisitor next took up a position facing the congregation, which, standing with raised hands, was made to take this oath:—

“I swear by God and Holy Mary and by the sign of the cross and the words of the holy gospels that I will favour and defend and assist the holy Catholic faith and the Holy Inquisition, its officers and ministers, and that I will declare and discover all heretics whatsoever, abettors, defenders and concealers of them, and that I will not give them favour, nor help nor concealment; but that as soon as I come to know of them I will reveal and denounce them to the reverend Inquisitors; and, should I act otherwise, may God punish me as those deserve who wilfully perjure themselves.”

That done, a learned Dominican ascended the pulpit and delivered a lengthy sermon. He began by observing that the people of Portuguese India ought to be grateful to the Sovereign Pontiff for establishing among them such a benevolent institution as the Holy Office of the Inquisition. It showed what great concern His Holiness felt for the spiritual safety of even those of his flock who lived in the remotest corners of the world. There being some Jews among the prisoners sentenced to death the preacher deemed it proper to dwell, for their edification, on the impregnability of the Roman Catholic Church and on Christ being the only true Messiah. He next expatiated on the paternal love and solicitude of the Holy Office; and explained how, its best efforts to bring them to repentance having failed, it had been forced to sentence certain prisoners to death. "But let us still pray for these hardened sinners, my dearly beloved brethren," concluded the *benevolent* preacher, "let us pray that they may receive divine grace at the last hour of their lives and so save their souls though their bodies perish!"

After that the fiscal mounted the same pulpit and read out the charges and sentences against the one hundred and eleven prisoners whose lives had been spared. Then the Grand Inquisitor descended from his high throne and putting on mitre and cope took off from these prisoners the ban of excommunication, under which they were supposed to have fallen, by rinkling holy water upon them.

The death sentences came last. Two men and

one woman had been guilty of judaism. Five poor fellows (new Christians), to scrape a living, had practised forbidden arts among the superstitious. As each sentence was announced loud cries of "God help us!" "Have mercy, Lord!" broke from the shocked congregation, making weird reverberations throughout the vaulted church; but when the fiscal called out, "Luisa Francisca Xavier, alias Tulsibai," everyone held his breath, and the prisoner was brought forward. She could hardly be recognized in her strange attire, and the *carucha* almost covered her eyes.

"You, Luisa Francisca Xavier, alias Tulsibai," declared the fiscal in a tremulous voice, "though baptized at your own request, have been found guilty of denying the existence of hell, of invoking Hindu deities and professing Hindu doctrines, of dealing in black magic, and of sheltering in your house the devil himself in the form of a black cat! By the aid of the said cat you saw or pretended to see Padre Francisco Xavier when he lay dying at Sancian for everybody noticed that the cat did not once take her eyes off you while the vision lasted. When the Holy Office sent officers to arrest you, you frightened them away by raising up near your house a spectre all enveloped in flames and by setting the said cat after the said officers. Furthermore, when being examined by the Holy Office, you would have struck His Excellency the Grand Inquisitor with an iron nail, had not Providence mercifully arrested the said nail in its flight and made it drop harmless on the reverend Inquisitors' table.

Failing in this you next attempted to throw down the crucifix, when the Image dealt you a blow on the head and you fell senseless on the floor. For all these crimes and sacrilegious acts you, Luisa Francisca——”

“Nay, nay,” interposed Tulsibai indignantly and pulling off her *carucha*, “for all these inventions and falsehoods you, senhôr fiscal, are likely to be struck dead! I defy you and the *reverend* Inquisitors to unveil that crucifix and to stand——”

Here the speaker was suddenly seized and gagged, the Grand Inquisitor having given express orders that she was not to be spared on any account, and the fiscal resumed:

“For all these crimes and sacrilegious acts you, Luisa Francisca Xavier, alias Tulsibai, are sentenced to be burnt at the stake and your ashes are to be thrown to the bottom of the Mandovi River.”

The part of the congregation composed of the local residents had left the church while Tulsibai was being gagged, horrified at that proceeding or apprehending trouble to themselves, which they knew would follow for certain on the least sign of sympathy with the victim. Being a peace-loving, law-abiding, God-fearing people, and seeing that their idol was sentenced to an ignominious death, they decided to keep away from the place of execution, and shutting themselves up in their houses prayed at their oratories or simply called out, “Tulsibai!” or “Babasinho!” These names indeed began now to be heard aloud all over the city.

Tulsibai, however, gave no further trouble, to the great relief of the Grand Inquisitor, who had not expected to come off so unscathed from the ceremony in the church. Yet he was not without misgivings—"there is no peace unto the wicked!" What if the witch had reserved her resources for the final scene, so as to humiliate him and the Holy Office in the sight of all the people who were sure to throng at the burning-ground? And the black cat that he had caused to be killed and buried ten feet deep in a secret spot was following him! At least he fancied so, and that now and then she came in front and stood glaring at him with gleaming eyes and as if preparing for a spring at his throat! And what was that noise? Could the Caffres be trying to break loose from their place of confinement and in spite of the strong guard over them? Ungrateful wretches, it was the good Dominicans that had given them shelter when they fled from their cruel masters; and now they had turned against their benefactors—for the sake of an infatuated young man! He sent to ascertain the cause of the noise he heard, and found that the Caffres were simply calling out, "Tulsibai" or "Babasinho," and nothing worse.

Were the friends of the young man doing nothing to save his betrothed? They were doing nothing except gnashing their teeth in impotent rage. What could they do against a power before which even kings stood in awe? Heitor de Silveira, it is true, was for rising against the tyrants, but the majority of the friends had decided not to interfere

in the matter since any interference whatever would end in their irretrievable ruin. The disappearance of David and Salomão, attributed as it was to Tulsibai's arrest, though it dated from a week after that sad event, had given rise to some hope, which, however, had grown fainter and fainter as day had followed day without any sign of the young men or Babasinho. Camoens lay on a sick bed and Frei Jacinto on his deathbed in his own convent, whither he had been removed by the order of the Grand Inquisitor, who appears to have been greatly scandalized because the friar had been seen one day kissing the hand of Krishnarao, father of a *herege contumaz!* (contumacious heretic). And now the fatal day was come, and in another hour or two all would be over with poor Tulsibai, unless something providential happened to save her. This last hope, even when the tragedy was actually enacting, the Viceroy held out to the victim's sympathizers, forgetting that Providence seldom intervenes for martyrs.

The procession through the streets and the ceremony in the church had taken so many hours that the afternoon was far advanced when the nine prisoners under sentence of death were at last conducted to the Campo de San Lazaro. Here also the Grand Inquisitor occupied a raised throne and the Viceroy with his Court a high platform; but, the higher state functionaries excepted, few of the more respectable of the townsfolk were to be seen, though among the surging crowds of the spectators from the country their absence was not noticeable.

All the victims, other than Tulsibai, dying in the true faith, cords were passed round their necks and they were strangled before being burnt. It was too tame an affair to satisfy the savage instincts of the mob, and the blazing fires soon put an end to the spectacle.

Tulsibai's stake was fixed several paces in front of the others and could be seen distinctly from every side. The executioners, who had been duly fortified with liquor, after securing her by means of iron chains were heaping up faggots, when her *carucha* fell off and showed her glorious hair shining in the rays of the setting sun and forming a halo about her head, the sight of which dazed the beholders. Hardly believing in the saintliness ascribed to the victim, the country people had expected to see the face of a witch, not of a martyr. Rather, that is what they had *wanted*, and to gloat over the dying agonies of a fellow-creature; and they were smitten with remorse now because of this unholy desire. And, when presently the martyr, heedless of the priest at her elbow, started chanting the *Padre Nosso* louder, her voice seemed to them so unearthly that a great many were quite terrified and fled in all directions, screaming, "Angel!" "Saint Francis!" or "God have mercy!" At the same time the horses of the mounted troops around the spectators began giving violent starts and neighing incessantly, as if at supernatural sights and sounds; some kept stamping the ground and kicking furiously; others threw down their riders and galloped away. Truly a confusion appeared to have fallen upon man and beast.

Even the executioners took fright, for all that they were two fearless grave-diggers given to rifling newly-buried corpses.

"Don't be afraid, Diogo, and there's another bottle waiting for us," said the one to the other, though the speaker himself was shaking from head to foot.

"But what I had drunk has oozed out of me, brother," answered his companion; "and why are they running away? I wish we had the bottle now or order was given us to finish the job and leave this cursed place. What's that Padre Falcão doing?"

For some moments the Grand Inquisitor had been listening intently, to what he feared was the tramp of horses not far off, and now suddenly he jumped from his seat and shouted in a sepulchral voice:

"Set fire! set fire! set fire! Wretches, why are you waiting? Set fire! set fire!"

The faggots were lit....and high rose the flames, yet higher rose the *Padre Nosso*, while nearer and nearer came the tramping....and Babasinho, followed by a number of masked horsemen, burst upon the scene, and dismounting amidst cries of "There! there!" from the crowd rushed to where Tulsibai was, and clasped—a burnt corpse!....and in no time was himself a burnt corpse!....

Of the fates of Krishnarao, Dona Clara and the other characters in this narrative, barring the historical or literary ones, nothing whatever is known, for the diary (our chief source of

information) ends thus abruptly on the date we have reached:—

“....and all through my sins. Had I suffered him to join our Order this would not have happened. My own end cannot be far. Padre Francisco appeared to me last night as he had promised he would, before my death. ‘Tulsibai! Babasinho! Tulsibai! Babasinho!’—the air is full of these cries. I am calm, thank God! The people are returning from the Campo, and my heart tells me the angel has ascended to heaven....and also ”

Under this there is the following note, written and signed by Frei Diogo Bermudez, vicar-general of the Dominicans in the East:—

“ Poor Frei Jacinto, who these many days had been busy writing up this diary and in a way that clearly indicated that his mind was becoming unhinged, had come so far, when a thoughtless fellow broke in upon him with the news that his nephew in trying to save Tulsibai (who was being burnt at the stake for heresy and witchcraft) had also perished in the flames. Upon this the pen dropped from the writer’s hand and, a few moments after, the writer himself dropped down dead. Pity that such a good man should have died in circumstances so sad and regrettable! ”

[THE END]

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